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THE new Victory Liberty Loan drive will begin on April 21st. It will have four and a half billion dollars as its objective. The notes will bear 4¾ per cent interest, and be exempt from state and local taxes—except estate and inheritance—and from normal federal income taxes.

IN addition to the specific exemption of the Monroe Doctrine there are other changes in the League of Nations Covenant. One of them is a concession to liberals: by requiring only a majority vote in the Assembly, instead of a three-fourths vote, the Covenant has been made easier to amend. A second change is a new provision in Article xv: "If the dispute between the parties is claimed by one of them, and is found by the Council to arise out of a matter which by international law is solely within the domestic jurisdiction of that party, the Council shall so report and shall make no recommendation as to its settlement." Another amendment has made it possible for any state to withdraw from the League on two years' notice; there is a clause opening positions in the League to women; and words have been changed, here and there, to make the Covenant clearer. Nothing has been done, however, to provide for the representation of popular assemblies in the League's machinery, or to change Article X so that it will not guarantee the status quo of the boundaries now being drawn in Paris.

THE protest of the French Conféderation Générale du Travail against the League of Nations Covenant is a serious matter. The C. G. T. corresponds to the American Federation of Labor in this country, and its support is vital to the League. But the C. G. T. has placarded Paris with this declaration: "Our diplomats offer us a project of a League of Nations which is not the Society of Nations such as was described in the fourteen points of President Wilson. . . . The French working class, faithful to its conception of a war on war, rises against the sabotage of peace."

WHAT does England think of developments in Paris? The defeat of Lord Eustace Percy as Coalitionist candidate for Parliament from Central Hull is remarkable. In December Central Hull went Unionist by more than ten thousand. Now, in the bye-election, Commander Kenworthy, Liberal, gets a majority of 917. This shift-about is being interpreted by conservatives in this country as due to Central Hull's wish to punish Mr. Lloyd George. In December he promised to make Germany pay the whole cost of the war. Instead he has been favoring a liberal peace with Germany, and opposing armed intervention in Russia. Therefore, he was punished. But have these observers noticed that in punishing him Central Hull voted for a man whose election programme had supported a liberal peace with Germany and opposed armed intervention in Russia? One thing which the election unmistakably shows is the rapidity with which public opinion may change. In this country the Republican party will be wise if it admits this fact into its calculations.

IN any event, Mr. Lloyd George is in an unsure position. His support in Parliament is the Unionist Majority. Last week three hundred Unionists sent him a telegram to remind him of his election promises. Mr. Lloyd George replies that he remembers them. But the Unionists are faced with a fait accompli: Who is it that has helped Mr. Wilson put over all his high-minded Leagues of Nations and natural frontiers? On his record in Paris Mr. Lloyd George stands convicted of Liberalism. How long will he and the Unionist Party put up with each other?

THE British Parliament is not the only popular assembly that is alarmed by what may happen in the Peace Conference. Three hundred French Deputies and a large number of Senators have signed a manifesto demanding that "the full cost of the war" be imposed upon Germany. The French Deputies and Senators, like the British Unionists, want to go back and begin over again. They want to add

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something to the declaration of their governments at the time of the armistice. On that occasion reparation was defined as payment for "damage done to the civilian population of the Allies and their property by the aggression of Germany by land, by sea and from the air."

WITH the Council of Four under attack from these sources because it has not violated the fourteen points, and under attack from the French C. G. T. because it has violated them, there comes from Weimar a resolution of the National Assembly demanding a treaty based on the fourteen points, with "no changes in territory in violation of that programme." Any other treaty the Assembly expects its government to reject. "We want an equal rapprochement with all peoples," Chancellor Scheidemann said to the Assembly, "not a fresh division of the world into alliances and groups which at a dangerous moment go off like loaded rifles."

THOUGH the Bolshevik armies have fallen back in Esthonia and Lithuania, they have entered Odessa and there is still no rush on the part of the Russian people to join the aliens who have come to help them redeem themselves. The Bolsheviki threaten Sebastopol. The richest regions of Southern Russia are in their hands. Meantime, in England, the Welsh miners threaten to strike unless British troops are withdrawn—and at Archangel there is unrest among the American troops, because, says the Associated Press dispatch, "no American in Archangel is in a position to tell them officially what they are fighting for." The threat of mutiny in American ranks will doubtless be exaggerated by the Bolsheviki. But it ought to make the last stalwart reactionary see that something instead of military intervention must be found for Russia.

AN alternative to military intervention has been proposed in Paris. It consists of placing Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, of the Norwegian Food Mission to the United States, at the head of a neutral commission to feed Russia—on condition that hostilities are stopped. This plan has been submitted to Mr. Hoover, and referred by him to the Council of Four. There is no question involved of accepting or rejecting the offer which Lenin is reported to have made, and of recognizing the Bolshevik government. The food would remain entirely under the control of the commission. Meantime it is Dr. Nansen's estimate (confirmed by Mr. Hoover's) that 200,000 people are dying in Russia every month as a direct or indirect result of starvation.

AN Associated Press dispatch says that the Smuts mission to Budapest found the Hungarian Bolsheviki "well installed" and inclined to meet the Allies "on all questions consistent with the nature of the Bolshevik regime." There is little actual news. We are told that a Red army is being raised; that there is violent fighting near the Moravian line; that the Bolsheviki offer to settle boundary disputes by a conference with their neighbors; and that in their domestic affairs "they are ready to discuss their plans" and "refrain from abusing capitalism." It is no news to find the Bolsheviki ready to discuss their plans; but organizing a communist state without abusing capitalism would seem to be a distinct innovation.

THAT we are abundantly able to feed Russia is indicated by the size of our winter wheat crop. The Department of Agriculture has just estimated that crop at 837 million bushels, the largest ever grown. With a spring production of from 225 to 300 million bushels, we shall probably have a surplus for export of 450 million. Before the war we exported 100 million. And now our Consul General in Buenos Aires reports that Argentina will have more than 150 million bushels for export herself.

ORDINARILY the Bolsheviki are ingenious in their propaganda. But the Bolsheviki in Budapest do not seem to care what sort of impression they make on the American newspaper owner. One of their reforms in Hungary has been to rule that all editorial staffs shall elect their own directors.

IN Bavaria the centre of authority is even less clearly defined than in Hungary. Since the death of Eisner, Bavaria has been under a socialist government of the more radical type. On April 7th this government was overturned and replaced by what might be called an orthodox Bolshevik regime. This coup was opposed by the Moderates, the Democratic party and the Peasants' League. But it was successful. Only temporarily, however. Four days later the Soviet government was supplanted by a group supposed to have a still more radical programme. The three "governments" are struggling for power. Meantime, from Berlin, the German Minister of Defense declares that he will force Munich to return to order as he forced Bremen and Düsseldorf.

NULLIFICATION of the twenty-one demands made by Japan in 1915 is being urged by the Chinese Government. "Their terms," says a Pekin statement, "are incompatible with the principles upon which the League of Nations is founded." If Japan is to have special privilege because she expelled the Germans from Shantung, why, asks the statement, cannot the United States claim Alsace-Lorraine on the same grounds?

RECOMMENDATIONS in the report of the Committee on International Labor Legislation include recognition of the principles of collective bargaining and "equal pay for equal work;" prohibition of child labor under 14; a demand for safeguards, in health and education, for young workers between 14 and 18; and the establishment of a 48-hour week, subject to exceptions in countries where climatic conditions or the imperfect development of industrial organization make the efficiency of the workers substantially different. It is not announced whether the report of the Labor Committee will be made the subject of a separate agreement or whether an attempt will be made to write its terms into the general treaty.

WHAT has been proposed in England by a national conference of employers and workers goes far beyond the Paris recommendations in definiteness. (1) A National Industrial Council of 400, half capital and half labor, is to be elected by the employers and the trade unions and to be recognized by the government as the "official consultative authority on industrial relations." (2) Not

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only are the unions to be free from molestation, but it is ruled that workmen should accept their jurisdiction. (3) Parliament is to enact a national minimum wage law, a 48-hour week and measures raising the legal age of child labor and extending the principles of short-time work to meet the problems of unemployment. All of this programme is now before Mr. Lloyd George's Cabinet.

BY the intercession of M. Clemenceau himself the death sentence of Cottin, who attacked the Premier, has been commuted to ten years' imprisonment.

WE are, it is reported, to have an industrial conference of our own. Our troubles are not so acute as England's. But there is unrest in the country, and to meet it the President is said to be considering two moves: (1) The calling of a national conference, shortly after his return, which will discuss such matters as the control of power in industry, the eight-hour day, housing and education for workers, and the elimination of practices tending to restrict production; (2) continuation of the War Labor Board, with full war authority, as a court of industrial justice during the transition period, or until the national conference reaches conclusions and succeeds in having them adopted.

THE controversy over steel prices between Mr. Hines and the Industrial Board of the Department of Commerce has gone, as all other serious administrative tangles go, to the President. The steel companies are not chiefly interested in the Railway Administration's prospective purchase; it represents about 2 per cent of the companies' yearly capacity in finished products. What they do want is the establishment of some price indorsed by the government —at which price the public is to begin buying. The Industrial Board stresses the need for a post-war resumption of business activity; Mr. Hines's emphasis is on pre-war price levels, a return to which "will be seriously retarded by the approval by a governmental purchasing agency of prices which it deems excessive."

THERE are traitors in Albany. They belong to the Republican wing of the State Senate, and they have been going over to the Democrats. Seven of them helped the Democrats pass a measure establishing a minimum wage for women and children in industry. Nine of them voted with the Democrats for a Health Insurance bill characterized as "ultra-socialistic." The bill passed. Twelve of them helped the Democrats put through the Senate an eight-hour day bill for women and children. Now the Republican leader of the lower house, calling the insurgents "Bolshevists," declares that the bills shall go no farther. The insurgents threaten to block adjournment until every measure on the State's industrial welfare programme, plus the municipal ownership and home rule bills, and the bill for hydro-electric development under state auspices, have been fairly considered and voted on in the open by both branches of the Legislature. When there is blindly reactionary leadership in the Republican party, and liberal leadership among the Democrats—the liberal Republicans bolt. What is happening in Albany ought to interest political prophets for 1920.

PERHAPS you have heard this remark, or made it yourself: "These radicals are strong for socialism over here. But you never notice any of them going back home to the countries where socialism is actually established." Now comes the Savings Bank Section of the American Bankers' Association with the report that more than 1,300,000 foreign-born residents of this country have either gone back home or are preparing to go, in answer to the call of the Bolsheviki. Does the Savings Bank Section rejoice? No. It calls the situation "alarming." For it seems these people are drawing their money from the banks, selling their Liberty Bonds and houses, and preparing to take with them an actual four-fifths of the total currency in circulation and in reserve in the United States before the war. "This is certainly serious," says the statement of the Savings Bank Section. What ought a good patriot do about it?

MR. HURLEY'S plan for disposing of the vast fleet of American merchant ships at "a price which fairly reflects the current world market for similar tonnage"—and one which, with the present market, will probably involve a loss for the nation of from fifty to seventy-five per cent on its investment—has been approved by the Board of Directors of the American Manufacturers' Export Association. Whether or not our merchant marine could profitably be operated under the American flag is a gamble. But until the market improves it would seem good policy for the government to retain its title to the ships and arrange for their operation by private or semi-public shipping corporations.

EUGENE DEBS has gone to the West Virginia Penitentiary to begin his ten year sentence. There is no doubt about the legality of his conviction. His Canton speech clearly violated the Espionage act. But since that act ceases to have force when peace is declared, and since the emergency which might have justified it has passed, to let Debs serve his sentence would be both cruel and blind.

FIFTEEN dollars and a half a week has been recommended as the minimum wage for women in the printing and publishing trades in the District of Columbia. The recommendation is unanimous, and comes from a committee representing the workers, employers and public. The decision is now up to the Minimum Wage board of the District. Five years ago the minimum wage recommended for women by the Factory Investigation committee of New York State was $9.

IS Lawrence, Massachusetts, experiencing a strike or a revolution? John Fitch, after an investigation, says in the Survey that it is "a strike for wages carried on in a revolutionary atmosphere." An important factor is the employment policy of the mills. "Traditionally they are opposed to collective bargaining and have successfully combatted campaigns for organization. Of the 35,000 workers only a handful has succeeded in maintaining a union. It is in such an atmosphere that radicalism grows. So in 1912 it was the I. W. W. which came into the situation and di-

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rected the strike. To-day many of the strikers are members of the I. W. W., and many are influenced by its philosophy." It is a familiar story. Parts of it have been staged in Butte and on the Mesaba range. Internationally it is played when a nation is forced from a Kerensky or an Ebert to a Lenine or a Sparticide. Whose is the initial responsibility?

THE Railway Administration has granted a new increase of $65,000,000 in wages to approximately 400,000 firemen, engineers, conductors and brakemen. Most of the men who share in the increase are members of the Big Four Brotherhoods. In 1916 they received an increase of $70,000,000 under the Adamson act, and last summer $160,000,000 in wages was added on the basis of recommendations made to Mr. McAdoo by the Lane board. The three increases total $295,000,000. That is an average of $14 per week for each man.

Italy Cries Out

NOT often does an embassy issue an official statement to the effect that the country it represents is on the edge of a violent revolution. That is what the Italian Embassy did on Monday. The coal situation is characterized as desperate; unless it is immediately relieved many industries must close down. Food is scarce. "Most towns are without meat for several weeks at intervals." And Italy has had to go back to war bread. "It is feared that the Russian tragedy may be repeated."

This being the case, this having been the case for months, what have we heard from the Italian government? That she wants coal and food; that she wants to start her industries? Not at all. Fiume and Dalmatia, Dalmatia and Fiume, naval bases, strategic crests, the Adriatic as an Italian lake, the frightful danger to Italy from the non-existent Jugoslav navy, rocks and inlets, and mountain villages and fishing ports, and everything but the truth. When Italy's friends have said to her statesmen that economic life could not be revived by strangling the trade of Central Europe, they would not listen. Faced with an imminent revolution at home they have actually threatened twice to quit the Conference at Paris because they could not plant their flag on the gates of other people's territory. They have wasted sympathy; they have stirred up no end of irritation; they have put Italy in the worst possible light before the world. Who pays? The common people of Italy. The peasants and the workmen. They starve. They are out of work. They are unassisted because the Italian officials under the influence of special moneyed groups and intoxicated with the notion of being a ruling power have consistently sabotaged the peace negotiations, raised a hue and cry over side issues and left unargued the real needs of Italy.

Those needs of course should be met instantly by the Powers, and everything possible should be done to tide the Italian people over the emergency. Wretched as their government has been, we have no wish to see chaos in Italy, and everything must be done to avoid the catastrophic character which an Italian revolution would assume. But while all effort should be made to avoid a violent revolution it is high time for a thorough change of government in Italy. Baron Sonnino represents all the characteristic evils of a Prussian diplomat on a Balkan scale. Signor Orlando is a weak man whose amiability is exploited by unscrupulous men. They have played themselves out. They have done infinite harm to the prestige of Italy. They have managed to pick a quarrel with every one of their neighbors, with France, with the Jugoslavs, with Greece. Their government of the Dodecanese has been a scandal, and their administration of Italy's internal affairs has brought the country to its present difficulties.

Italy is paying now for the grandiose pretensions of that sacred egoism which Baron Sonnino proclaimed. The leaders have not been willing to share in the common victory and the common purpose. They have preferred to indulge in Oriental manoeuvres, to behave like a plaster cast of the Roman Empire, to listen to the intoxication of the d'Annunzios instead of the commonsense of the Bissolatis. It was not necessary to be a prophet in order to see that this was the path of ruin. It was the considered judgment of Englishmen and Frenchmen and Americans who had shown in endless ways their friendship for the Italian people. The imminence of revolution in Italy has been one of the persistent ghosts at the Peace Conference. If it comes, some of the blame may perhaps fall upon other nations, but the bulk of it lies squarely on the doorstep of the present Italian government, its propagandists, its corrupted press, its devastating censorship, and its meaningless ambitions.

Progress Perhaps

AT the week-end all the delegations were chiefly concerned with placating the opposition at home. There were no exceptions. The President was thinking of the Republicans, Baron Makino of the popular feeling in Tokio, M. Clemenceau of his deputies, Mr. George of the election at Central Hull, the protest from the House of Commons, and the turnabout of the Northcliffe press, and Signor Orlando of stirrings concerning which the censor permits us no information. It may be that "progress" has been made, if by progress is meant the patching up of special claims. The Monroe

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Doctrine is evidently to be recognized in the Covenant, not as a specific prohibition of European colonization or expansion of sovereignty such as Mr. Taft and Mr. Lowell have legitimately urged, but as a general recognition of the old and dangerous theory of spheres of special influence. Just what France has obtained in the Saar Valley is not at all clear from the dispatches, but the indications are bad. They seem to point to a perpetual title in the coal mines, and a fifteen year political occupation followed by a plebiscite. If this is the plan the Peace Conference might as well confess that it has provided for fifteen years of suspicion followed by the bitter disappointment of either France or Germany. The fifteen years, because of the immense booty involved, are certain to be occupied with endless manoeuvring and intrigue, colonization and propaganda in view of the impending plebiscite. The French have resisted a plebiscite in Alsace-Lorraine because the German occupation made an honest plebiscite impossible. The same argument holds against a plebiscite in the Saar. For that valley is as thoroughly German as Alsace-Lorraine was ever French. This does not mean that some arrangement about the coal mines is not legitimate as part of the bill of reparations. It is. But it should not be used to raise in any form the question of political sovereignty in a territory expressly excluded from French claims by the terms of the armistice. The honest thing to do would be to give France coal rights for a definite period under guarantee of the League of Nations. The next best thing to do would be to make an outright annexation and confess that we have violated our promise. But a disguised annexation involving fifteen years agitation is no way of making peace in Europe.

These long disputes about the Monroe Doctrine, the Saar, Fiume and the Dalmatian coast would never have arisen in a conference of statesmen who had fixed their minds on the central problems of the peace. Central are the questions raised by the dissolution of Austria-Hungary, Turkey and the Russian Empire; central are the questions of reconstruction, the revival of business, the establishment of safe and trustworthy governments, the feeding of starving men and women and children. Those are the matters the victors must deal with if they are to be worthy of the victory. But to spend months and months wrangling about questions which are insignificant in any just perspective is almost like stopping the fire engine so that the fireman can select a new necktie.

The reason why these questions, which ought to be out of bounds, have consumed so much invaluable time is that each of the delegations is in awe of the public opinion which censorship and official propaganda and a good deal of demagoguery have created. The statesmen now meet with impossible expectations at a moment when it is impossible to realize them all. Even on the darkest hypothesis, reconstruction is not to be accomplished by devious annexations. The kindest interpretation that can be put upon the special claims which are obstructing the real peace is that they are the misguided evidences of a morbid public condition. But it is doubtful whether history will even be as charitable as that to statesmen who argued about Dalmatia while eastern Europe was in flames.

Theorizing While They Perish

THE world has had no experience with a dictatorship of the proletariat in control of a whole nation. It cannot look to history for light on the course of development of such a dictatorship. There may be a natural law that decrees that a proletarian dictatorship must evolve steadily toward moderation, or toward the unimaginable extreme of oppression and cruelty. But if there is such a law, it awaits the birth of a Newton to discover it. In the meantime there is nothing but theory to guide our policy toward Bolshevism. It was theory that led to the abortive policy of intervention in Siberia, the White and Black Sea regions. Theory governs the preparations for withdrawal. One theory urges keeping up the blockade of Russia and another urges its relaxation. One theory urges opening informal relations with the Soviet government and another rejects the proposal as of the Devil. Our valiant theorists are of one mind as to the end: peace with order in Russia. Just so the medieval theorists were of one mind as to the end when they strove to affix to one another the guilt of heresy and the penalty of the stake. They were laboring for the greater glory of God. In the present theoretical contest over Russia there is no penalty for the debaters who fail to convince. But while the debate lasts nothing is done for Russia. Men and women and children are dying by the thousand of starvation. Hundreds of thousands are going barefoot, shivering in rags, while we theorize. In the hospitals major operations are being performed without anaesthetics, wounds are being dressed without antiseptics while we debate the nice questions: Would the feeding of the Russian city population weaken the position of Lenin and Trotzky or strengthen it? Are the cries of women over their dying babies, the shrieks of hospital patients under the knife, serviceable to our cause of law and order or disserviceable? We cry out against the atrocities of the Red Terror. We

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assert that no political end whatever can sanctify such means; and in that we are right. Between ends and means there is an infallible contamination. But what then of the means we apply ourselves? It is our blockade that keeps the Russians from exchanging the gold they can do without for the food for want of which they are dying. It is our blockade that keeps medical and surgical supplies out of Russia, that closes the cotton factories for want of material, that denies to the Russian railways the lubricants and replaceable parts in defect of which the locomotives and cars squeak and rattle their way to the scrap heap. According to our official theory the ultimate effect of the blockade will be to overthrow the Bolsheviki. Perhaps the theory is sound; perhaps it is unsound. The chances are not more than even. But grant that instead of an even chance there were a certainty. How many hundreds of thousands of Russian lives can we afford to give for the replacement of Lenin and Trotzky by the next best thing, Kolchak or Denikin or some surviving scion of the Romanoffs? And how does it fall to us to barter Russian lives against Russian ends?

There is not now and there never has been any obstacle on the Russian side to the free approach to any part of Russia of Red Cross officials or representatives of any other philanthropic organization. Such obstacles as there are have been of our own creation. Friends of humanity capable of abstaining from politics can go anywhere in Russia and nurse the sick and feed the hungry, if they can command the means. They would have to negotiate with whatever authorities are in power for transportation, and for formal permission to work. They would get what they required, if for no better reason, because no authority would dare to deny them. Their assistance would be accepted without political conditions, provided it were offered without political conditions.

But are there friends of humanity in America and the Allied countries who are willing to make the sacrifice of going to Russia merely to save lives? Are there philanthropists who would give of their plenty to provide food for the little children of Petrograd and Moscow, precious as our own children in the eyes of the Lord? If there are not, then, in Heaven's name, let us stop prating about the calamities of Russia. Let us not add hypocrisy to our hardness of heart.

Let the politicians theorize as they must over what kind of recognition would encourage Lenin and Trotzky to survive and what kind of aloofness would discourage them to death. Let them continue to experiment, if they must, with the influence upon Russian political life of discrimination in the supply of machine guns and rifles, trinitrotoluol and lethal gas. But let there be a truce in the warfare against women and children, the old and the infirm and the crippled. If our governments can not find a way to finance the supplying of the desperate needs of such as these, let them at least keep their hands off and permit private persons who still have instincts of humanity to undertake so much of the work as they can. End the blockade: it has cumbered the earth too long.

Who Makes Bolshevism in Cincinnati?

SOME weeks ago Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, announced his acceptance of the chairmanship of an organization known as the National Social Unit. On the day following the announcement Mr. John Galvin, Mayor of Cincinnati, the city in which a group of people were trying out the Social Unit plan, declared: "I consider the Social Unit the most dangerous type of socialism. It is a serious menace to our municipal government and but one step removed from Bolshevism." What is this plan, which is one step removed from Bolshevism, which is a serious menace to one of the worst examples of municipal government in the United States, and which is endorsed by a member of the President's cabinet?

It is intended to be a remedy for some of the acknowledged deficiencies of social welfare work in large American cities. During the past thirty years the charitable societies in those cities have increased their ability to alleviate the sufferings of the poor by coordinating their efforts, by placing the execution of their plans in the hands of trained professional workers equipped for the task by scientific training, and finally by pressing with some success the occupation of an enlarged area of expert social service by municipal governments. They have accomplished much, but not as much as was expected by the originators of organized scientific charity. The lack of understanding and cordial cooperation on the part of the people among whom they worked has steadily restricted its success. Its beneficiaries often condemned the new charity as a nuisance or an intrusion forced upon them by the government or by alien philanthropists. Widespread popular distrust of the reformer, the expert and the social worker has hindered charity, even when organized, or government, even when socialized, from dealing adequately with the high rate of infant mortality, or with the other crying evils of urban life among the poor. Scientific philanthropy has labored in a social vacuum. There was no feeling of community between its agents and

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beneficiaries. It derived no assistance from the friendliness which springs up in small communities from personal association and homogeneity of life, and which facilitates cooperation among people of different interests belonging to different classes.

A man and his wife with many years experience in social work, by name Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Phillips, impressed by the grave consequences of this failure proposed a remedy for it which was radical and thoroughgoing, but at the same time experimental. Since the kind of small communities which were required in large cities as the background of effective social work did not exist, let us create them. Let us start genuine communities among the people of limited districts in a big city, which will help them to become conscious of their common wants and aspirations and which will furnish to them agencies through which they can cooperate actively to meet these wants. Let us at the same time arrange for common counsel among the members of the skilled professions in the community, such as the doctors, the teachers, the nurses, as to the way in which they can best meet the needs of the community for their special services. Then let us put the small living community and its expert workers into immediate, steady, personal contact one with another. Would not these new social units break down the barriers between the expert and the community and democratize scientific social work?

To oversee and to finance their experiment Mr. and Mrs. Phillips succeeded in founding a national association to start social units. That was in 1916. Bolshevism had not yet entered the story. Gifford Pinchot was the first President of the Association. They collected a national council of thirty or more people. They raised $135,000 for an experiment of three years. Public announcement of the project brought bids from public officials and private organizations in various cities. St. Paul, Baltimore, Providence, Cincinnati and a dozen other places competed for the privilege of starting the first social units.

Cincinnati was chosen. Its invitation had been enthusiastic. It offered a district—the Mohawk-Brighton district — that was good ground for experimentation. Thirty-one blocks, in the heart of the city, with a population of 15,000 people, homogeneous in character, 90 per cent American, half Protestant, half Catholic, an average income of perhaps $800 to $1,000. The district was organized on the lines of the original plan—thirty-one members of a citizen's council, one for each block, each democratically elected; occupational groups, nine at first, representing the neighborhood's physicians, clergymen, teachers, social workers, nurses, recreational workers, business men, trade unionists, and the members of a local bureau of information.

The work of creating a district brings us down to December of 1917. In that month, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips began practical operations in the Mohawk-Brighton district. The succeeding months have seen certain definite achievements. Medical and nursing care in the district has been improved. Tuberculosis supervision, for instance, has been increased four hundred per cent. To the Unit organization is due partial credit for reducing the district's deaths in the influenza epidemic to a level forty per cent less than the average rate in the city as a whole. There has been activity in other fields, too. They have started lecture courses in citizenship; there is a recreational council at work; the intimate "block organization" was serviceable for the promotion of war gardens, liberty bond sales, and war chest campaigns. But it is still the promising future of the Social Unit, rather than any less precocious achievement, which marks the chief value of the experiment. There are signs in the Mohawk-Brighton district of a growing community spirit; there are other signs of an increased confidence in the "expert." Perhaps he seems more accessible. Are these signs evidence of something likely to be permanent? Is a new and better relationship springing up between "block organizations," the groups of specialists and the community as a whole? All large American cities have reason to watch carefully the second fifteen months of the Mohawk-Brighton experiment.

But the first fifteen months' work brings us to March of the present year; and it is here that Bolshevism enters the story. At this point the Mayor of Cincinnati suddenly declared the Social Unit a menace to municipal government and to social order.

Mr. and Mrs. Phillips immediately asked the Mayor to order an investigation which would substantiate or prove his charges. The Citizens' Council of the Unit (that is, the "block workers") has seconded the request for an investigation. So has the Occupational Council, representing the skilled groups. A mass meeting in the district, unanimously voting to support the Unit, has made the same request. The Mayor's retort was pitched lower than his original accusation. Only a sense of duty had impelled him to speak and he could not enter into a discussion with any executives of the organization—"male or female."

What does it come to? Let us accept the Mayor's present reticence, and attribute to him no other reasons for his charge than the ones he has presented. On that supposition the Mayor reveals himself a poorly informed official, indifferent to the responsibilities that ought to accompany a charge

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amounting to treason. Or you may take another view; though, to be sure, there is no definite evidence to support it: The theory that the machine which elected Mr. Galvin to office, the same machine that once served as chariot for Boss Cox, has divined the danger to itself of giving to the poorer parts of the city a more coherent and active life. It wants to stifle in the beginning a movement so hostile to the machine. Or you may take a third view, this one purely a guess. Here is the Mayor of Cincinnati. No one outside his own city has heard of him. There, on the other hand, is the Mayor of Seattle. Who hasn't heard of him? Ole Hanson—not Ole Hanson, indeed, but the Hanson family in toto—in every Sunday supplement. Is Cincinnati to lag behind Seattle as a city of opportunity? Not while freedom shrieks and we have Social Units. "One step removed from Bolshevism!"

Can the charge be taken lightly? A village newspaper in Massachusetts last week called Mr. Lodge a Bolshevist. In Cincinnati an observer notes that by one responsible party or another the following organizations have been branded as Bolshevik within a fortnight: the Social Unit, the City Club, the Garment Workers' Union, the Woman's City Club, the Board of Education, and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. Mayor Galvin himself, not more than three days after his charge against the Social Unit, declared, on another subject: "I am as strongly opposed to labor unions in the Police and Fire Departments as I would be to any form of Bolshevist government." Voltaire once said that if God did not exist it would be necessary to invent Him. Many Americans are now working on the theory that where Bolshevism does not exist it is necessary to manufacture it.

But in the present instance there is a more serious side to the accusation. That the experiment in social reorganization, known as the Social Unit, should be condemned as near Bolshevist is one of the peculiarly ironical results of the existing tendency on the part of reactionaries to manufacture Bolshevism in the interest of their own protection. It would be literally impossible to discover a social experiment the spirit and methods of which are more completely hostile to Bolshevism than the one now being tried out in Cincinnati. Bolshevism in Russia and Hungary is government by the proletarian class which gains power by revolution and maintains it by armed force. The Social Unit plan is an experiment in voluntary democracy which cannot survive unless it win the loyal and intelligent cooperation of the people whom it seeks disinterestedly to serve. It is a radical experiment in that it penetrates to the roots of certain evils in existing social organization. Should it succeed, it might compromise the future of the municipal administrations and the local political machines which govern so many American cities. There may be a sound reason, consequently, for the hostility of such men as Mayor Galvin. But its success depends exclusively on its serviceability in practice and on its ability under great difficulties to win popular cooperation. Its ideal is as essentially democratic as that of the town meeting in New England.

Just because the Social Unit is an experiment in voluntary social organization rather than an attempt to impose by force a dubious panacea on a reluctant community, Cincinnati cannot afford to take lightly the charge of Bolshevism made against the plan. The Unit came to the city by invitation. It depends not only for its success but for its real survival upon sympathetic understanding and discriminating support. It will remain only as long as the city wants it. Cincinnati should insist on a thorough investigation of the Social Unit. Without such an investigation the experiment will always suffer from the effect of the Mayor's attack, and its friends may have to transfer it to another city. Can Cincinnati afford to let so promising an experiment in municipal democracy slip away?

Panic and Millennium

THE war required supreme concentration of attention. Victory was won, when sufficient unity had been attained to furnish each active nation a method of putting its full weight into the struggle without scattering its energy. This meant that the peoples in these nations knew simply and concretely what they were expected to do. The end of the war interrupted the singleness of effort. Attention, narrowed and intensified to a great and immediate task, was suddenly blurred and scattered. A strange set of facts confronted mankind, and nobody, absolutely nobody, knew just what to do about them. Vast energy which had been aroused in the expectation of another year of war became aimless. It ran into talk; it boiled up into furious dislike of fellow citizens who disagreed by a hair's breadth. The stream of effort which had run straight and powerful to a single goal got itself choked up into whirlpools of anger and hate.

One party—the Panic Party—seeing red everywhere, began to cry for suppression, persecution, the jail, the mob, exile. The other infuriated by this, listened rapturously to the News from Nowhere, and became the Millennial party. Whoever did not join either party was suspected by both of them. In the meantime the world has gone deeper into trouble. The obvious business of getting back to work was thoroughly messed up by the excited

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gentlemen and fearsome dowagers who were bent on reconstructing the world either with machine guns or perorations. Frightened literally out of their senses or intoxicated beyond all sober judgment, the two intemperate factions snarled at each other across an ever widening chasm of exasperation. Driven by their fears or their yearnings, rather than by cool contact with issues, they have indulged themselves in an almost voluptuous abandonment to their own emotions. In their condition of mind appearance is everything and reality nothing. It is the label, not the contents which counts. Their reason is satisfied if everybody is labelled Bolshevik or counter-revolutionary. Their crest is the phrase rampant with bar sinister.

To meet these two extremes with argument is an almost hopeless enterprise because it involves using words when words have been robbed of meaning. To talk about democracy, social justice, progress by scientific method is like throwing more phrases into the torrent. So long as the only visible examples in the world were the wild adventure of the Russian Soviets and the deadly lethargy of the western governments, any middle ground is flat and dull. But now there is a promise of something else, of a method and a purpose which is neither Bolshevik nor revolutionary.

It is contained in the report of the Joint Employees' and Employers' Committee which has just been unanimously accepted in London by five hundred representatives of capital and labor, and has been submitted to the government for legal action.

The plan provides for a national council composed of two hundred representatives of capital and two hundred of labor. They are to be elected by employers' organizations and trade unions. The whole is to constitute an industrial parliament, through which British industry is to advise the government. It is of prime significance that the scheme rests upon making universal and compulsory the jurisdiction of the employees' associations and the trade unions. Collective bargaining and national industrial policy are thus given a truly representative character in that the three parties concerned—the workingman, the employer, and the consumer are provided with a machinery of common action which has behind it the authority of the state.

The men who devised this project were face to face with revolution a few months ago. Instead of listening to the phrasemakers, the obstructionists, and the noisily angry people, instead of filling the jails and setting fire to constitutional government, they called in political architects and industrial engineers; they enlarged and modernized the structure of democracy, and as a result may have saved it. There is in this scheme no dictatorship, no terror whether white or red, but the sane effort of a maturely free society to deal with new conditions.

The lesson for America is poignant and direct. This British scheme may or may not be suited to our conditions. But the temper of it is suited to any nation that wishes to practice freedom in the modern world. The state of mind which has inspired these English employers and workingmen arises out of a fund of democratic culture which leads men to contrive and act and cooperate instead of spluttering and denouncing and dividing. It leads them to discuss with each other on the basis of expert findings the concrete business of feeding, clothing, transporting, educating and protecting a people.

In the truest sense of the word it is statesmanship, rather than inquisition and agitation. A people has statesmanship when its leaders, official and unofficial, can relate their human energy to the problem in hand on the basis of faith and tolerance. It is a free people when its obedience is to the possibilities of the real world, when it is no longer terrorized by interested groups or seduced by formulas. It is commonly said these days that there is no room for those who hold this faith—that the world is loosed towards violence and that a long period of convulsed reaction and rebellion are ahead. That will be true only if the leaders of democracy betray their trust, if for cheap partisan advantage, for the sake of applause or under personal and social pressure, they aimlessly exploit human passion. They do not need to surrender to the demagogues either of the Right or of the Left. It is at this moment entirely a matter of character and faith, of a will to reason no less firm and passionate, no less insistent, no less virile, than that which is now expended in panic and dreams.

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Mr. Burleson, Junker in Vain

HAVING discharged the President of the National Association of Letter Carriers and the President of the National Rural Letter Carriers' Association and the President of the Railway Mail Association and the Secretary-Treasurer of the National Federation of Postal Employees, Mr. Burleson said he would be delighted to talk to any of these organization officials, provided only they were still on the Post Office payroll.

Three postal-service organizations had petitioned him for "official recognition," such as is fully granted to similar organizations of postal-service employees in Britain, where, as Senator Reed so well knows, they have a King and a House of Lords. The monarchical British Postmaster General, in 1916, addressing a delegation from the servile British postal service, said:

"It is important that the employees should have a strong organization, representing the employment as a whole. I want you to realize that the officials of the Post Office are prepared to listen to the representatives of the organizations; *and whether you are actually employees or not will make no difference, so long as you are representatives of those for whom you speak.*"

Mr. Burleson, in 1918, said:

"The Department is willing at all times to hear committees of employees, *but the members of such committees must be persons actually employed in the postal service.*" In other words:

Having discharged the persons chosen by the employees to be their spokesmen, and having discharged them for reasons growing directly out of their speaking, Mr. Burleson invited the next victims to step up and speak. They refrained. The invitation was dangerous, and, besides, it was not meant. Mr. Burleson does not in fact invite the advice or assistance of postal-service organizations either regarding postal-service betterments or regarding postal-service grievances. He thinks that organizations are unnecessary.

While he was writing his 1917 report, for instance, he was still engaged in "readjusting" the railway-mail service. He was reducing the number of railway mail office cars, and he was also reducing the salaries of certain railway postal clerks.

Congress had forbidden him to reduce their salaries. Congress thought that when a clerk had worked his way up through years of long labor to a certain grade and to a certain salary, he ought not to be arbitrarily, through no fault of his own, reduced in grade and in salary. Congress said: "When railway postal clerks are transferred from one assignment to another because of changes in the service, their salaries shall not be reduced by reason of such change."

Mr. Burleson outwitted Congress. He would "readjust" a certain railway post office line and eliminate the old job of a certain clerk. This clerk might have a family, and he might have a house of his own, in a certain town. He might have lived there for many years. Mr. Burleson would offer him a new job at a distant point, say at New York, in the "terminal" at New York. Other Postmaster Generals used to provide transportation in such cases. Mr. Burleson provides no transportation. The clerk would consider the loss in selling his house and the expense of moving to New York and the almost certain prospect, during Mr. Burleson's continuous "readjustment," of being soon again transferred to some other distant point. He would decide to surrender. He would decide to ask for an assignment in a lower grade, on a run permitting him to remain in the town he was already in. His "request" would be "granted." His grade would be lowered, and his salary would be reduced.

In this manner Mr. Burleson successfully reduced the salaries of several hundred railway postal clerks in the midst of a rapid rise of the cost of living. They thought therefore, more than ever, that it would be a good idea for them to have organizations. They were in error. In his 1917 report Mr. Burleson set them right. He said:

"The Department insists that all employees shall be treated in a fair, just and equitable manner; and to secure such treatment it is not necessary that they belong to any organization."

Organizations are unnecessary because injustices simply do not exist. They are further unnecessary because the time of their conventions and the space in their journals "are devoted almost entirely to matters of selfish interest." They are devoted, for instance, to protests against Mr. Burleson's efficiency rating scheme.

This scheme is the final unfolded flower of Mr. Burleson's whole efficiency system. It consists, in the railway mail service, of plus points for merit and of minus points for demerit. The minus points overwhelmingly carry the day.

If you accumulate 400 plus points, there is no reward stated. If you accumulate 400 minus points, you may lose your automatic promotion. If you accumulate 500 plus points, there is no reward stated. If you accumulate 500 minus points, you may be reduced in grade and salary. If you

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accumulate 700 plus points, you may congratulate yourself. If you accumulate 700 minus points, you may be discharged. It is not a system of reward. It is a system of terror.

It builds itself up on petty watching, on pedantic counting, on automatic mechanical fault-finding. Statistics of daily accomplishment in the handling of mail are collected. Standards of performance are calculated. The screws turn, and the standards rise. You observe the latest standard for your work. If you get on the wrong side of that standard, you acquire, per error in excess, one-half of one minus mark. If you get on the right side of the standard, you acquire, per error avoided, one-half of one plus mark. You appreciate that one-half of one plus mark; and then you see, on page after page of the rating scheme, a score of entries promising you a chance at being minus to one entry promising you a chance at being plus.

If you mis-send a letter, you will get minus 5. If you leave a light unnecessarily burning, you will get minus 10. If you are rude to a fellow-clerk, you will get minus 50. If you necessitate a transfer from one "crew" of clerks to another through being of an "irritable or contentious disposition," you will get minus 60. If you leave a registered letter in a car, you will get minus 100. If you fail to report any "irregularity" you may have committed (such as mis-sending a letter), you will get minus 40. If you fail to report any "irregularity" *committed by a fellow clerk,* you will get minus 20. It sounds like the rule-book of a school for boys between six and ten temporarily in the care of a slightly insane mathematics master.

Some plus points, however, you can indeed get in the course of taking the numerous examinations which the postal service necessarily requires. In a "case" examination, for example (in which you throw test-cards into pigeonholes), you can get 25 plus points if you stand at perfect, if you score 100 per cent. But if you fall below 99, you can get only 5 plus points; and if you fall below 97.50, you are already down among the minuses; and the minuses come fast. If your mark is less than 92.50, you get minus 170. If your mark is less than 92, you get minus 300. If your mark is less than 91, you get minus 500, entitling you to lose $100 a year in salary.

William Shakespeare apparently knew more about efficiency than many efficiency experts. He simply and famously, having looked at a human being, possibly at himself, without an ergograph and without an electrical recording needle, said:

> A merry heart goes all day long;
> Your sad tires in a mile.

Under Mr. Burleson's system the clerks are sad. Even the contrasts of plus and minus in the rating scheme do not rouse them to humor. For saving mail from destruction at the risk of your life, as in a railway hold-up, you can get 500 plus points. For losing a mail key you can get exactly that number in the other direction. Risking your life and losing a mail key are precisely balancing opposites.

The clerks in the terminal at Kansas City have gravely and openly protested against this system of stressing negatives and of slighting positives. But they have no grievances and they need no organizations, and Mr. Burleson can prove it. He proves it in his 1917 report. In private employment, he says, it may be that organization of employees may sometimes be necessary. In public employment, however, the case is entirely different. In public employment *"the interests of the employees will always be protected by public sentiment."*

That is, the public, instructed and inspired by its earnest constant study of efficiency rating schemes and of other labor conditions on railway post office cars and in railway mail terminals, will rise in its might and demand a reform; and Congress will enact the reform; and then Mr. Burleson will enforce it, just as he enforced the reform enacted by Congress against the reduction of the salaries of railway postal clerks.

This argument did not convince the postal-service organizations. They saw the salaries actually being reduced, and they saw the efficiency rating scheme actually being operated, without any great national popular tumult following in the streets. They were not convinced. Mr. Burleson felt they would not be convinced. Therefore he asked Congress to coerce them. Therefore he came to the peak of his policy.

In the fall of 1917 he deliberately and specifically asked Congress to repeal the "anti-gag" provision of the act of August 24, 1912. That provision is the charter of the liberties of the employees of the United States. It permits them to form organizations and to present petitions to Congress on their own initiative. It does not permit them to strike. The present organizations do not wish to be permitted to strike. Their loyalty to the United States is in fact beyond the loyalty of most of the rest of us. They feel themselves peculiarly to be a part of the organized United States Government. They do not wish to secede, even for a day. Their affiliation with the American Federation of Labor is in perfect harmony with this spirit. No official of the Federation, under any rule of the Federation, has the slightest right to order them to strike. They do not want to break with the authorities. They want to confer with the authorities, with Congress, with the Department (if the Department would listen), through their chosen, specialized, experienced and expert representatives.

Mr. Burleson proposed to cut them off from initiating any approach to Congress, just as he has

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cut them off from effecting any official organized approach to the Department. His system would then be complete. The employees would be entirely dumb.

Mr. Burleson has consistency. Mr. Burleson has courage. Mr. Burleson has manhood in combat. The first Burleson in our public history chased the Cherokees out of Texas and was second in command under Austin in the revolt of the Texans against Mexico and was leader of the First Regiment of Volunteers at San Jacinto. The present Burleson inherited position, position among the arrived and among the landed of Texas. He has blood. He has religion. Nobody from East Prussia could face him down in those virtues. He proclaimed them defiantly to all his enemies in his speech of April 1st last. "God and a long chain of ancestors," he said, "gave me a backbone that enables me to drive forward."

The postal-service employees give this junkerism three answers. They defeat it in three ways.

First, they cannot stand up under it physically. The National Association of Letter Carriers has a Sick Benefit Fund. In the year 1913 the average number of cases of sickness in this fund, in proportion to membership, was at the figure .116. In each successive year thereafter, with more efficiency, and with the work and worry of more efficiency, it went up. In 1917 it stood at .154. The increase was enormous. It was 32 per cent in four years. It did not help the service. Efficiency is difficult under an efficiency system which produces a staff increasingly ailing.

In the second place, the postal-service employees do not and cannot now maintain their old ambition in performance. When a letter carrier knows that if in order to please his patrons on a special occasion he struggles through his work forty minutes early, the forty minutes will be counted as "undertime" and a special effort will be made to "readjust" and increase his load, he is not likely to struggle to meet any occasion for any purpose; and when a clerk in a railway post office car knows that any excess exertion on his part to dispatch his work and to get it all off on a rush day is likely to be used to screw up the standard of work to be done on the average day, he is not deeply moved to put forth any excess exertion on the rush day or any other day.

In a certain fortnight in 1917, according to a statement by ex-Division Superintendent Clyde M. Reed, there were seventy-five thousand letters that came into Kansas City on railway post office cars "unworked"—that is, undistributed, unsorted. In times gone by, if a clerk came in with any of his mail "unworked," if he came in "stuck," it was a personal disgrace. Now it tends to be a mere mathematical fact, to be visited by mathematical punishments, or else to be prevented by mathematical "readjustments" of the quantities of mail "worked" on cars.

Mr. Reed was clerk, clerk-in-charge, chief clerk, division superintendent, in many divisions, for many years. He was impressed in the end by the biggest fact in the present situation. "The old love of the service has disappeared," he said, "and the boys have lost their ginger." Efficiency is difficult with an efficiency system which gives you a staff standardized out of ambition and out of initiative and out of self-sacrifice.

Thirdly, to the ultimate utter destruction of junkerism, and therefore to the ultimate restoration of genuine efficiency, the postal service employees have been broadly awakened to a collective consciousness in their trade and in the relations between their trade and the public. In order to defeat Mr. Burleson's system, in order to get any improvements whatsoever in their conditions of labor, the postal service employees have been obliged to exercise their rights of public citizenship in the halls of the Capitol. Mr. Burleson, besides being involuntarily the greatest unionizer that ever stepped into the Post Office Department, is also the greatest political democratizer. His employees, not getting justice by gift from him, have had to try to get it by elaborate proof from Congress. They have had to argue; they have had to study; they have had to analyze their work; they have had to present their analysis of it to the national legislature; and, little by little, they have moved toward developing a philosophy of government employment.

The need of it is well expressed by Mr. Gainor of the Letter Carriers. Government is extending itself. It is forever entering new fields. It is forever gaining new groups of employees. Mankind, more and more, directly or indirectly, is employed by government. But if government persists in being the kind of employer our greatest American government department under Mr. Burleson now is, why, mankind will be more enslaved than before. Employees can make some headway against private employers. Government, if it wishes to be, is irresistible. Therefore the task we face, above all other tasks, is the democratizing of government employment.

The first stirring toward that task in the minds of federal employees is now apparent. It shows, for instance, in a bill introduced for them last February by Congressman Kelly of Pennsylvania. This is a bill having nothing to do directly with hours or wages. It simply and much more importantly established a governmental agency which

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might well grow some day into a real democratic federal employment management office.

A United States Civil Service Board of Adjustments, appointed by the President, is set up. Disputes between employees and departments, growing out of wage laws, growing out of hour laws, growing out of any misunderstanding, come finally to the Board. But, before they come to the Board, on their way up to the Board, they are handled through conferences between the Department officials and the officials of the voluntary organizations of employees. The organizations are, under the bill, officially recognized.

Recognized thus for disputes, they will in time be recognized for other things too. They will be recognized, as the postal service employees even now insist they ought to be, "for offering suggestions intended to promote service betterments." The fund of knowledge, the fund of loyalty, lying locked in the voluntary collective thinking and feeling of the postal service, will be opened and used. Mr. Kelly's bill, or its equivalent, will some day be passed. The steps beyond it will some day be taken. As an alternative to bureaucratic slavery, mankind will some day take governmental self-government. It will come. It will come anyway. But it has been immensely hastened at Washington by the public political energy Mr. Burleson has put into the postal service organizations.

When Mr. Burleson leaves office, it will have to be said of him that in the successful reactions he aroused he was the greatest liberal in the cabinet of a great liberal President.

WILLIAM HARD.

All in the Day's Work

The new Director-in-Chief of Bolshevik activities in the United States looked up from the newspaper on his desk. He was well dressed, decisive, alert. In his position he was a newcomer; he had been sent on from Moscow, hastily, when affairs in America seemed progressing too slowly. Two days before, bearing sealed instructions from the Russian minister of war, he had been smuggled into an eastern seaport. It had taken him one day to find suitable lodgings; another to dispose quietly of his predecessor. This was his first appearance at headquarters.

He glanced again at the newspaper on his desk. It was a headline which had caught his attention. "Recent Inaccuracy in Weather Predictions is Work of Bolsheviks," it said. "Plan to increase unrest among the farmers and raise the cost of living."

The Director raised his eyes to the alert young secretary who sat opposite him. "Is this true?" he demanded. "Have you had a finger in any such thing as this?"

The younger man nodded. "And it wasn't a bad scheme, either," he said. "I admit it was a gamble. But it offered an opportunity in a new field."

The Director smiled. A little deprecatingly, his secretary thought. "Well, let it go at that," he suggested. "Suppose now, we proceed to new business. Suppose you run through the list of appointments you've made for me today."

The secretary selected a memorandum from the papers on his desk. He had a feeling that his new chief was not so resourceful a man as his earlier one. Still, this man had an excellent service record in Europe. The secretary glanced at his memorandum. "At eighty-thirty," he said, "we have Mr. Casimir coming. Mr. Casimir writes articles for the newspapers for us. I may say," he added, looking up from his memorandum, "that I think it would be wise to double Mr. Casimir's appropriation. I've noticed a little confusion lately. I've noticed that on Mondays a paper will declare government ownership to be a Bolshevik doctrine, and then on Tuesdays it will declare the Bolsheviks want to abolish government. Maybe they're right. But if we do stand for both Government Ownership and No Government, I think it makes our job as press agents a little harder."

If there was a query in this comment, the Director ignored it. "Who comes after Mr. Casimir?" he asked.

"Mr. Retnikoff," replied his secretary. "Mr. Retnikoff is one of our state administrators. He wants to see you about increasing the number of our agents in Nevada."

"How many have you now?"

The secretary consulted his files. "Counting agents of all sorts," he said, "full time and part time—and counting our temporarily resident Parlor Auxiliaries—we have fifty-two thousand."

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed the Director. "What's the total population of the state?"

"Eighty-one thousand."

"It is a great wonder that you keep your own records straight," remarked the Director.

"We don't," said the secretary. "And that fact, in itself, causes considerable unrest. Of course, Nevada is one of our banner states; but we're not far behind in other parts of the country. In many communities it is actually necessary to have a majority on our side—and a substantial majority—to live up to our press notices. We are running a campaign to increase the number of wash-outs on the railways; another campaign to cause droughts in the corn belt. We have any number of foreign

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language campaigns. We're circulating the Letts and the Esthonians and the Samoyeds, and we've started a lecture course for the Nestorians, and we're planning a national Saturday Night Club for the Kirgheses—and as for the Hairy Ainus, why! practically all of them are lined up with us now."

"And how many Hairy Ainus," asked the Director, "are there in this country?"

The secretary flushed slightly. "Well, it isn't that there are so *many* of them," he said slowly. "It's their determination that counts. Once you get them started they're very determined indeed."

"I've no doubt of it," said the Director. "But do you suppose there are fifty Hairy Ainus in the United States?"

"N-no," said his secretary. "Perhaps not. But they're a very active people."

The Director straightened up in his chair, a little impatiently his secretary thought. "My dear young man," he said, "if this is the sort of programme you have laid out for me, it really isn't worth while for you to go any further. I'm afraid your ideas of agitation are melodramatic and a little oldfashioned. You've spent a good deal of money; you've created a vast organization; you've had a lot of publicity; and where are your results? Where is even your first Soviet? Now, let me, as a stranger in your country, ask you a few really pertinent questions. First: Do you think it would be possible—by paying enough—to induce some of your more important newspapers and periodicals to fight against the recognition of orderly trade unions?"

"Induce them!" exclaimed the secretary. "Why, they're already—"

"Good," interrupted the Director. "We shan't have to worry about *that*. I always work on the principle that if you can make the working man feel he can't join a perfectly orderly organization—then, sooner or later, when things grow hot, he'll join a perfectly disorderly one. Now, another question. How about free speech? Could we start an agitation for at least the partial curtailment of the right of assembly and the right of free speech?"

"Could we *start* it! Why—"

"Excellent," said the Director. "Then we're taken care of on that score too. It's always a wise move to get people believing their traditional rights are being tampered with. And if you're any student of history you'll know how effective it is to drive discussion below ground level. Now there are one or two other things I might bring up. We want a slush fund, for one thing, in your national Congress and in your state legislatures, that can be used, perhaps, to block the passage of any measures for better housing, or minimum wages, or anything of that sort. It's a bad thing to have people trusting their government to be interested in their welfare. A very bad thing. Then, we must agitate for many more troops to be sent into Russia. The home office isn't worried. But when there's a good prospect of being invaded, a lot of people will stick closer to the coat-tails of the government that is in power, whatever it is. And then, one other thing, we want to start a "You're a Bolshevik" campaign in this country. Make the word as popular as "camouflage." Get people using it left and right—whether they have a bad strike in their factory or whether their partner loses a rubber of bridge. Nothing's so useful as that sort of smoke screen. You can't possibly see through it. I could bring up other things. But those three make a good beginning. Is there any chance for them?"

"Any chance?" The young secretary's eyes were bulging. "If that's our work, then somebody else is doing it!"

"Well, well. That's splendid," said the Director. "Splendid." He smiled thoughtfully. "Of course there'll be more work to be done later. . . ." He glanced at his watch. "But it's a fine spring day. . . ." He glanced at his watch again. "How far is it to the Van Cortland Park golf links?"

C. M.

The Plebiscite

ALMOST in vain do we search in our textbooks on international law for the terms self-determination and plebiscite. Where we find them we are told that the rules governing the intercourse of states do not recognize such an institution. One of the greatest authorities, W. E. Hall, for instance, speaks of the idea that the exercise of the right of alienation is "subject to the tacit or express consent of the population inhabiting the territory intended to be alienated" as a misapprehension. According to Hall "the principle that the wishes of a population are to be consulted when the territory which they inhabit is ceded has not been adopted into international law, and can not be adopted into it until title by conquest has disappeared" and "the inhabitants of the ceded territory, whether acting as an organized body or an unorganized mass of individuals, have no more power to confirm or to reject the action of their state than is possessed by a single individual. . . ." A. S. Hershey is equally emphatic when he states that "it is certain that the legal validity of a title based on cession does not require such action [the holding of plebiscite or a vote in the assembly] on the part of the inhabitants of the ceded territory." L. F. L. Oppenheim considers it "doubtful whether the law of nations will ever make it a condition

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of every cession that it must be ratified by a plebiscite." He grants that "the necessities of international policy may now and then allow or even demand such a plebiscite," but he adds that "in most cases they will not allow it."

In the light of the expressions of such eminent authorities we understand why, in 1867, Secretary of State W. H. Seward gave only his "unofficial" consent to the plebiscite which was to decide whether or not the inhabitants of the islands of St. Croix and St. John wished to be annexed to the United States. The motives which prompted Seward to refuse official recognition of the plebiscite were probably the same which moved Secretary of State John Sherman to his reply of August 14th, 1897, to the Japanese Minister, Toru Hoshi, who had suggested that a plebiscite be taken in the Hawaiian Islands on the question of annexation to the United States. In this reply Sherman states that "it cannot be that one so well informed in the history of international relations as Count Okuma could have wished to suggest thereby the propriety of appealing from the action of the government to 'the population,'" and that "in international comity and practice the will of a nation is ascertained through the established and recognized government, and it is only through it that the nation can speak."

The same principle was asserted in the memorandum of the American Peace Commission at the conclusion of the Spanish-American war, wherein it is stated that ". . . much less do the American Commissioners maintain that a nation cannot cede or relinquish sovereignty over a part of its territory without the consent of the inhabitants thereof. . . ."

When, during the Franco-Prussian war, Thiers visited the capitals of the great neutral Powers of Europe in order to solicit their support for France and particularly against the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, Gladstone "could not understand how the French protests turned more upon the inviolability of French soil than on the attachment of the people of Alsace and North Lorraine to their country. The abstract principle he thought peculiarly awkward in a nation that had made recent annexations of her own." In a memorandum to the English Cabinet he urged that "it cannot be right that the neutral Powers should remain silent, while this principle of consulting the wishes of the population is trampled down, should actual sentiment of Alsace and Lorraine be such as to render that language applicable." Morley, Gladstone's biographer, further quotes part of a letter which Gladstone sent to Mr. Bright, who was prevented by illness from attending the Cabinet meeting. In this letter Gladstone writes: "I send for your private perusal the enclosed mem. which I proposed to the Cabinet yesterday, but could not induce them to adopt. It presupposes the concurrence of the neutral Powers. They agreed in the opinions, but did not think the expression of them timely. My opinion certainly is that the transfer of territory and inhabitants by mere force calls for the reprobation of Europe, and that Europe is entitled to utter it, and can utter it with good effect." However, Europe did not utter its reprobation, nor did Mr. Bright agree with Mr. Gladstone. He favored the principle of territorial violability as did Thiers himself, who, in 1867, had expressed his views before the French Assembly to the effect that "the new principle of popular consent is an arbitrary principle, very often deceptive, and that at bottom it is nothing but a principle of perturbation when applied to nations."

Thus the majority of the leading statesmen of neutral Europe sanctioned the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine to Germany without the consent of the inhabitants. They sanctioned this alienation as a cession by title of conquest. The United States, as we have seen, emphatically expressed its adherence to the principle and practice of annexation without the consent of the peoples thus annexed in 1867 and 1897 and reasserted its stand as late as 1898.

About two decades later, on April 2nd, 1917, President Wilson, in unequivocal terms, declared before the whole world that we fight "for the rights of nations great and small and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and obedience." He has repeated this new dogma in a form more terse and commanding in his peace proposals of January 8th, 1918, wherein he proclaims that "the day of conquest and aggrandizement has gone. . . ." On January 5th, Lloyd George had reiterated England's, and, in fact, the Entente's professed assent to this new doctrine in an address delivered before the delegates of English trade unions. "The days of the treaty of Vienna," so he said, "are long past. We can no longer submit the future of European civilization to the arbitrary decisions of a few negotiators striving to secure by chicanery or persuasion the interests of this or that dynasty or nation. Therefore, government with the consent of the governed must be the basis of any territorial settlement. . . ." In their reply to the Pope's peace plea the Central Powers profess approval of the same principle and in the signing of the armistice after their acceptance of President Wilson's fourteen points are effectively held to its practical application.

What then has happened since 1867, 1870, 1897 and 1898? Have the Hague Conferences brought about such a fundamental change in the sentiment of the great nations and their official spokesmen? —Hardly—At the Hague the subject has not even

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been discussed. Have national and international peace and pacifist societies prepared the ground for such a change?—Among individuals, no doubt, but not among governments.

We must leave it to the future historian and student of international law to inquire into the manifold and innermost reasons for their sudden change of front. To the present observer it seems due to pressure from within and, in no small degree, to pressure from without.

The present reversal of policy on the part of the United States may seem equally difficult to explain. But one may venture to express the opinion that it is due less to a fundamental change of course than to the fact that the men of today are directing the course with a wider and broader perspective, guided by the principles of progress and evolution of historic Americanism. The Declaration of Independence was begotten by the growing feeling of revolt against European domination. Resentment against European interference in matters American gave birth to the Monroe doctrine. A growing inclination towards introspection and self-consciousness brought about the application of the principle of democratic freedom in domestic affairs in the issues of the Civil War. The natural and logical development of this process of historic evolution lies in the direction defined and crystallized by President Wilson: democratic polity and the right to self-government for the entire world and the whole of humanity.

After the ratification of the treaty of peace between Peru and Chile in March, 1884, depriving Peru of the territories of Tacna and Arica, the Congress of Venezuela, expressing the prevalent condemnation of Chile's action, solemnly protested "against the iniquitous and scandalous usurpation of which Peru and Bolivia are the victims. . . . "

At the First International American Conference held in Washington in 1890, a resolution was adopted unanimously, Chile alone abstaining, to the effect "that the principle of conquest shall not, during the continuance of the treaty of arbitration, be recognized as admissible under American public law."

Thus, among the states of the American continent, title by conquest is no longer to be acknowledged. According to Hall, the principle that the wishes of the inhabitants of the territory ceded be consulted can be adopted at least within the sphere of the pan-American Union.

The assent of only the pan-American nations to this principle and their adoption of it into American public law cannot enforce its incorporation into international law without the free consent of all or nearly all other nations. Such consent has so far not been formally given. It is such consent, however, that President Wilson is striving for. But, to quote Lawrence, "unless all or nearly all civilized Powers have signed a document which lays down the rule, the best evidence of their consent is practice."

History has to show us hardly a single genuine case of cession by conquest where the consent of the people of the territory ceded was sought by a referendum. Even in the case of the acquisition of Rome by the kingdom of Italy in 1870, the plebiscite of referendum followed the acquisition by conquest and was held while the city was already occupied by the conquerors. Nor can there be any doubt that if the result of the referendum had been unfavorable the wishes of the people simply would have been ignored. Technically, of course, this case constitutes a precedent of a transfer of territory by title of conquest, and it must be cited as such. We may stretch the subject to include territorial changes by title other than conquest, and we may well justify the diversion on the ground that the desire of a people, transferred with its territory to a foreign allegiance, for the expression of its wishes in the matter may be just as strong when the transfer is effected by treaty in peaceful cession as when their territory is ceded after conquest. We thus enlarge the scope of precedents by the admission of all these cases where the principle of self-determination has been applied in the cession or transfers of territory in whatever peaceful form, be they called secession, fusion annexation or dis-annexation. In this class fall the plebiscites and referenda held at the time of the fusion of the Italian states in 1848, 1860 and 1866, the union of the territories of Valachia and Moldavia into the new Rumania in 1857, the separation of the Swedish-Norwegian kingdom in 1905, the recession of part of the District of Columbia to Virginia in 1846, and a few others.

Still, even all these precedents in their sum total do not establish the principle in question as international law unless such practice becomes so general that, by universal or general consent of the Powers, it is recognized as sufficiently forceful and convincing to influence new decisions plainly and explicitly on the strength of these cases of the past.

The same forces which were instrumental in creating these precedents are constantly at work in the endeavor to gain for them international recognition and to secure final acceptance of the principle involved as universal or international law. There can be no denial of the fact that constitutional and municipal law have come to recognize almost universally the principle of self-determination in all matters that lie within their sphere. Nor can we disclaim the influence, by analogy or otherwise, of

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constitutional and municipal law on the shaping of principles and rules for decisions in matters affecting international relations. Where, in the application of principles of international law by municipal courts, these principles conflict to a degree that they cannot be reconciled with the accepted forms of common or national law, the courts decide according to the law of the land. In such cases it is the business of the state or the crown to allay the differences which such a decision may cause in the international relations with other states. It is in these decisions of municipal courts in such cases of conflict between common or expressed municipal law and international practice, with its possible consequences of international negotiations, that we find a field for a slow but sure encroachment of principles of constitutional and municipal law upon the realm of rules governing the conduct of nations.

Against the negative opinion of jurists such as Hall, Hershey and others we have the expressions of writers who hold the opposite view. "Several publicists," as Hershey admits, "maintain that an affirmative popular vote is desirable or necessary on the part of the inhabitants of the ceded district" and, he adds, "among the few advocates of the plebiscite in the case of cession are: Funck-Brentano . . . Sorel . . . Rouard de Card . . . and Rotteck . . ."

In opposition to the opinion of Seward, Sherman, Thiers and others we have the views of Gladstone, Wilson, Lloyd George and von Hertling. While not agreeing in the details of practical application the last named three seem to be at least in harmony as far as the principle itself is concerned. Lloyd George, speaking of the German colonies, even goes so far as to demand that "when we come to settle who must be the future trustees of those uncivilized lands we must take into account the sentiments of the peoples themselves. . . ."

Considered from a purely humane and moral point of view the principle of self-determination seems unassailable. Unfortunately, however, international law is neither humane nor moral, it is un-moral, to use the technical term. Nor is it primarily the business of writers on international law and of statesmen to expound and apply, as international law, humane and moral principles and standards. The best they can do for humanity and morals is, when international law supplies no rule or precedent for a concrete case to be acted upon, to decide the issue in accordance with the recognized principles of right and ethics, and thus to introduce into international practice a precedent or precedents established not on an un-moral but on a moral basis.

But as soon as we demand a moral standard for international decisions, and consequently for international law, we practically revive the difficulty which confronted the adherents of natural law as to the source of the law of nations. It is the difficulty of evolving that moral standard which would find approval and acceptance by all concerned. We should have to satisfy a minimalist's and a maximalist's and even a crank's opinion. Oppenheim discusses this phase of the issue in his interpretation of the task and method of international law. "The science of international law," so he wrote in 1908, "is . . . a means to certain ends outside itself. And these ends are the same as those for which international law has grown up and is still growing—primarily peace among the nations and the governance of their intercourse by what makes for order and is right and just. . . ." According to Oppenheim one of the most important tasks of the science is criticism of the prevailing rules of international law, and, so he writes, "the questions which must be answered are: Is a certain rule really just and adequate, or is it antiquated, so that it ought to be restricted, abolished, or replaced?" But he warns that "if even so much importance is attributed to the criticism of the present condition of international law, it must never be forgotten that this law is like everything else conditioned by the milieu of the age. . . . If anything else is dependent upon gradual historical development, it is that delicate body of rules which is called international law."

What then is the milieu of the age today:—Is it not the practically universal tendency towards recognition for the principle of self-determination of nationalities and races?—A momentous step forward has been made by the warning issued on January 24th by the Peace Conference to the effect that all those who in many parts of Europe and in the East seek to gain possession of territories by force of armed occupation will seriously prejudice their claims in the ultimate settlement to be effected by the Conference. An additional and most encouraging piece of news of the same date is the statement that Great Britain has submitted the disposition of the conquered German colonies to the decision of the Peace Conference.

The United States Supreme Court, through the mouth of Justice Grier, asserted in 1862 that international law "is founded on the common consent as well as the common sense of the world." The common consent of the world has apparently been won. If the United States Supreme Court is correct in its interpretation, the acceptance and application of the principle of self-determination as international law would then depend solely on the question whether it is based on the world's common sense.

J. MATTERN.

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The Undying Fire

CHAPTER THE FOURTH
Do We Truly Die?
§ 1

MRS. CROOME was heard in the passage, some one was admitted, there were voices, and the handle of the parlor door was turned. "As'ent E come then?" they heard the voice of Mrs. Croome through the opening. Dr. Elihu Barrack appeared in the doorway.

He was a round-headed young man with a clean-shaven face, a mouth that was determinedly determined and slightly oblique, a short nose, and a general expression of resolution; the fact that he had an artificial leg was scarcely perceptible in his bearing. He considered the four men before him for a moment, and then addressed himself to Mr. Huss in a tone of brisk authority. "You ought to be in bed," he said.

"I had this rather important discussion," said Mr. Huss with a gesture portending introductions.

"But sitting up will fatigue you," the doctor insisted, sticking to his patient.

"It won't distress me so much as leaving these things unsaid would have done."

"Opinions may differ upon that," said Mr. Farr darkly.

"We are still far from any settlement of our difficulties," said Sir Eliphaz to the universe.

"I have indicated my view at any rate," said Mr. Huss. "I suppose now Sir Alpheus is here—"

"He isn't here," said Dr. Barrack neatly. "He telegraphs to say that he is held up, and will come by the next train. So you get a reprieve, Mr. Huss."

"In that case I shall go on talking."

"You had better go to bed."

"No. I couldn't lie quiet." And Mr. Huss proceeded to name his guests to Dr. Barrack, who nodded shortly to each of them in turn and said "Pleased-t-meet you." He remained standing, as if waiting for them to display symptoms.

"Our discussion has wandered far," said Sir Eliphaz. "Our original business here was to determine the future development of Woldingstanton School, which we think should be made more practical and technical than hitherto, and less concerned with history and philosophy than it has been under Mr. Huss. (Won't you sit down, Doctor?)"

The doctor sat down, still watching Sir Eliphaz with hard intelligence.

"Well, we have drifted from that," Sir Eliphaz continued.

"Not so far as you may think," said Mr. Huss.

"At any rate Mr. Huss has been regaling us with a discourse upon the miseries of life, how we are all eaten up by parasites and utterly wretched, and how everything is wretched and this an accursed world ruled either by a cruel God or a God so careless as to be practically no God at all."

"Nice stuff for nineteen eighteen A.D.," said Mr. Dad, putting much meaning into the "A.D."

"Since I left Woldingstanton and came here," said Mr. Huss, "I have done little else but think. I have not slept during the night, I have had nothing to occupy me during the day, and I have been thinking about fundamental things. I have been forced to revise my faith, and to look more closely than I have ever done before into the meaning of my beliefs and into my springs of action. I have been wrenched away from that habitual confidence in the order of things which seemed the more natural state for a mind to be in. But that has only widened a difference that already existed between me and these three gentlemen and that was showing very plainly in the days when success still justified my grip upon Woldingstanton. Suddenly, swiftly, I have had misfortune following upon misfortune—without cause or justification. I am thrown now into the darkest doubt and dismay; the universe and its order seems harsh and black to me; whereas formerly I believed that at the core of it and universally pervading it was the Will of a God of Light. . . . I have always denied, even when my faith was undimmed, that the God of Righteousness ruled this world in detail and entirely, giving us day by day our daily rewards and punishments. These gentlemen on the contrary do believe that. They say that God does rule the world traceably and directly, and that success is the measure of his approval and pain and suffering the fulfilment of unrighteousness. And as for what has this to do with education,—it has all to do with education. You can settle no practical questions until you have settled such disputes as this. Before you can prepare boys to play their part in the world you must ask what is this world for which you prepare them; is it a tragedy or comedy? what is the nature of this drama in which they are to play?"

Dr. Barrack indicated that this statement was noted and approved.

"For clearly," said Mr. Huss, "if success is the justification of life you must train for success. There is no need for men to understand life, then, so long as they do their job in it. That is the opinion of these governors of mine. It has been the opinion of most men of the world—always. Obey the Thing that Is! that is the lesson they would have taught to my boys. Acquiesce. Life for them is not an adventure, not a struggle, but simply obedience and the enjoyment of rewards. . . . That, Dr. Barrack, is what such a technical education as they want set up at Woldingstanton really means. . . .

"But I have believed always and taught always that what God demands from man is his utmost effort to cooperate and understand. I have taught the imagination, first and most; I have made knowledge, knowledge of what man is and what man's world is and what it may be, which is the adventure of mankind, the substance of all my teaching. At Woldingstanton I have taught philosophy; I have taught the whole history of mankind. If I could not have done that without leaving chemistry and physics, mathematics and languages out of the curriculum altogether I would have left them out. And you see why, Dr. Barrack."

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"I see your position certainly," said Dr. Barrack.

"And now that my heavens are darkened, now that my eyes have been opened to the wretchedness, futility and horror in the texture of life, I still cling, I cling more than ever, to the spirit of righteousness within me. If there is no God, no mercy, no human kindliness in the great frame of space and time, if life is a writhing torment, an itch upon one little planet, and the stars away there in the void no more than huge empty flares, signifying nothing, then all the brighter shines the flame of God in my heart. If the God in my heart is no son of any heavenly father then is he Prometheus the rebel; it does not shake my faith that he is the Master for whom I will live and die. And all the more do I cling to this fire of human tradition we have lit upon this little planet, if it is the one gleam of spirit in all the windy vastness of a dead and empty universe."

Dr. Barrack seemed about to interrupt with some comment, and then, it was manifest, deferred his interpolation.

"Loneliness and littleness," said Mr. Huss, "harshness in the skies above and in the texture of all things. If so it is that things are, so we must see them. Every baby in its mother's arms feels safe in a safe creation; every child in its home. Many men and women have lived and died happy in that illusion of security. But this war has torn away the veil of illusion from millions of men. . . . Mankind is coming of age. We can see life at last for what it is and what it is not. Here we spin upon a ball of rock and nickel steel, upon which a film of water, a few score miles of air, lie like the bloom upon a plum. All about that ball is space unfathomable; all the suns and stars are mere grains of matter scattered through a vastness that is otherwise utterly void. To that thin bloom upon a particle we are confined; if we tunnel down into the earth, presently it is too hot for us to live; if we soar five miles into the air we freeze, the blood runs out of our vessels into our lungs, we die suffocated and choked with blood. . . .

"Out of the litter of muds and gravels that make the soil of the world we have picked some traces of the past of our race and the past of life. In our observatories and laboratories we have gleaned some hints of its future. We have a vision of the opening of the story, but the first pages we cannot read. We discover life, a mere stir amidst the mud, creeping along the littoral of warm and shallow seas in the brief nights and days of a swiftly rotating earth. We follow through vast ages the story of life's extension into the waters, and its invasion of the air and land. Plants creep upon the land and raise themselves by stems towards the sun; a few worms and crustaceans follow, insects appear; and at length come our amphibious ancestors, breathing air by means of a swimming bladder used as a lung. From the first the land animals are patched up creatures. They eke out the fish ear they inherit by means of an ear drum made out of a gill slit. You can trace scale and fin in bone and limb. At last this green scum of vegetable life with the beasts entangled in its meshes creeps in the form of forests over the hills; grass spreads across the plains, and great animals follow it out into the open. What does it all signify? No more than green moss spreading over an old tile. Steadily the earth cools and the day lengthens. Through long ages the sun grows intenser and the wealth of unmeaning life increases; come ages of chill and retrocession, glacial periods, and periods when whole genera and orders die out. Comes man at last, the destroyer, the war maker, setting fire to the world, burning the forests, exhausting the earth. What hope has he in the end? Always the day drags longer and longer and always the sun radiates its energy away. A time will come when the sun will glow dull red in the heavens, shorn of all its beams, and neither rising nor setting. A day will come when the earth will be as dead and frozen as the moon. . . . A spirit in our hearts, the God of mankind, cries 'No!' but is there any voice outside us in all the cold and empty universe that echoes that 'No'?"

§ 2

"Ah Mr. Huss, Mr. Huss!" said Sir Eliphaz.

His eye seemed seeking some point of attachment, and found it at last in the steel engraving of Queen Victoria giving a Bible to some dusky potentate, which adorned the little parlor.

"Your sickness colors your vision," said Sir Eliphaz. "What you say is so profoundly true and so utterly false. Mysteriously evolved, living as you say in a mere bloom of air and moisture upon this tiny planet, how could we exist, how could we continue, were we not sustained in every moment by the Mercy and Wisdom of God? The flimsier life is, the greater the wonder of his Providence. Not a sparrow," said Sir Eliphaz, and then enlarging the metaphor with a boom in his voice, "not a hair of my head falls to the ground without His knowledge and consent. . . . I am a man much occupied. I cannot do the reading I would. But while you have been reviling the works of God I have been thinking of some wonders. . . ."

Sir Eliphaz lifted up a hand with thumb and finger opposed as though he held some exquisite thing therein.

"The human eye," said Sir Eliphaz, with an intensity of appreciation that brought tears to his own. . . .

"The cross fertilization of plants. . . .

"The marvellous transformations of the higher insects. . . .

"The highly elaborate wing scales of the Lepidoptera.

"The mercy that tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. . . .

"The dark warm marvels of embryology; the order and rhythm and obedience with which the cells of the fertilized ovum divide to build up the perfect body of a living thing, yea, even of a human being—in God's image. First there is one cell, then two; the process of division is extremely beautiful and is called I believe karyokinesis; then after the two come four, each knows his part, each divides certainly and marvellously; eight, sixteen, thirty-two. . . . Each of those thirty-two cells is a complete thirty-second part of a man. Presently this cell says, 'I become a hair;' this, 'a blood corpuscle,' this 'a cell in the brain of a man, to mirror the universe.' Each goes to his own appointed place. . . .

"Would that we could do the like!" said Sir Eliphaz.

"Then consider water," said Sir Eliphaz. "I am not deeply versed in physical science, but there are certain things about water that fill me with wonder and amaze. All

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other liquids contract when they solidify. With one or two exceptions—useful in the arts. Water expands. Now water is a non-conductor of heat, and if water contracted and became heavier when it became ice, it would sink to the bottom of the northern seas and remain there, unmelted. More ice would sink down to it. Until all the ocean was ice and life ceased. But water does not do so. And were it not for the vapor of water, which catches and entangles the sun's heat, this world would scorch by day and freeze by night. Mercy upon mercy. I myself," said Sir Eliphaz in tones of happy confession, "am ninety per cent water. . . . We all are. . . .

"And think how mercifully winter is tempered to us by the snow! When water freezes in the air in winter time, it does not come pelting down as lumps of ice. Conceivably it might, and then where should we be? But it belongs to the hexagonal system—a system prone to graceful frameworks. It crystallizes into the most delicate and beautiful lace of six-rayed crystals—wonderful under the microscope. They flake delicately. They lie loosely one upon another. Out of ice is woven a warm garment like wool, white like wool because like wool it is full of air—a warm garment for bud and shoot. . . .

"Then again;—you revile God for the parasites he sends. But are they not sent to teach us a great moral lesson? Each one for himself and God for us all. Not so the parasites. They choose a life of base dependence. With that comes physical degeneration, swift and sure. They are the socialists of Nature. They lose their limbs. They lose color, become bleached unappetizing beings, vile creatures of sloth—often microscopic. Do they not urge us by their shameful lives to self-help and exertion? Yet even parasites have a use! I am told that were it not for parasitic bacteria man could not digest his food. A lichen again is made up of an alga and a fungus, mutually parasitic. That is called symbiosis—living together for a mutual benefit. Maybe every one of those thousands of parasites you deem so horrible is working its way upward towards an arrangement."

Sir Eliphaz weighed his words. "Some mutually advantageous arrangement with its host. A paying guest.

"And finally," said Sir Eliphaz with the roll of distant thunder in his voice, "think of the stately procession of life upon the earth, through a myriad of forms the glorious crescendo of evolution, up to its climax, man. What a work is man! The paragon of creation, the microcosm of the cosmos, the ultimate birth of time. . . . And you would have us doubt the guiding hand!"

He ceased with a gesture.

Mr. Dad made a noise like responses in church.

§ 3

"A certain beauty in the world is no mark of God's favor," said Mr. Huss. "There is no beauty one may not balance by an equal ugliness. The wart-hog and the hyena, the tapeworm and the stinkhorn, are equally God's creations. Nothing you have said points to anything but a cold indifference towards us of this order in which we live. Beauty happens; it is not given. Pain, suffering, happiness; there is no heed. Only in the heart of man burns the fire of righteousness."

For a time Mr. Huss was silent. Then he went on answering Sir Eliphaz.

"You spoke of the wonder of the cross-fertilization of plants. But do you not know that half these curious and elaborate adaptations no longer work? Scarcely was their evolution completed before the special need that produced it ceased. Half the intricate flowers you see are as futile as the ruins of Palmyra. They are self-fertilized or wind-fertilized. The transformations of the higher insects which give us our gnats and wasps, our malaria and apple-maggots in due season are a matter for human astonishment rather than human gratitude. If there is any design in these strange and intricate happenings, surely it is the design of a misplaced and inhuman ingenuity. The scales of the lepidoptera again have wasted their glittering splendors for millions of years. If they were meant for man, why do the most beautiful species fly by night in the tropical forests? As for the human eye, oculists and opticians are scarcely of your opinion. You hymn the peculiar properties of water that make life possible. They make it possible. Do they make it other than it is?

"You have talked of the marvels of embryonic growth in the egg. I admit the wonderful precision of the process; but how does it touch my doubts? Rather it confuses them, as though the God who rules the world ruled not so much in love as in irony. Wonderfully indeed do the cells divide and the chromoplasts of the division slide along their spindle lines. They divide not as if a divine hand guided them but with remorseless logic, with the pitiless consistency of a mathematical process. They divide and marshal themselves and turn this way and that, to make an idiot, to make a congenital cripple. Millions of such miracles pile up—and produce the swaying drunkard at the pothouse door.

"You talk of the crescendo of evolution, of the first beginnings of life, and how the scheme unfolds until it culminates in us—*us,* here, under these circumstances, you and Mr. Dad and Farr and me—waiting for the knife. Would that I could see any such crescendo! I see change indeed and change and change, without plan and without heart. Consider for example the migration of birds across the Mediterranean, and the tragic absurdity of its incidents. Ages ago, and for long ages, there stretched continuous land connections from Africa to Europe. Then the instinct was formed; the birds flew over land from the heated south to the northern summer to build and breed. Slowly age by age the seas crept over those necks of land. Those linking tracts have been broken now for a hundred thousand years, and yet over a constantly widening sea, in which myriads perish exhausted, instinct, blind and pitiless, still drives those birds. And again think of those vain urgencies for some purpose long since forgotten, that drive the swarming lemmings to their fate. And look at man, your evolution's crown; consider his want of balance, the invalidism of his women, the extravagant disproportion of his desires. Consider the Record of the Rocks honestly and frankly, and where can you trace this crescendo you suggest? There have been great ages of marvellous tree-ferns and wonderful forest swamps, and all those glorious growths have died. They did not go on; they reached a climax and died; another sort of plant succeeded them. Then think of all that wonderful fauna of the Mesozoic times, the age of Leviathan; the theriodonts, reptilian beasts, the leaping dinosaurs, the mososaurs and suchlike

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monsters of the deep, the bat-winged pterodactyls; the plesiosaurs and ichthyosaurs. Think of the marvels of the Mesozoic seas; the thousands of various ammonites, the wealth of fish life. Across all that world of life swept death, as the wet fingers of a child wipe a drawing from a slate. They left no descendants, they clambered to a vast variety and complexity and ceased. The dawn of the Eocene was the bleak dawn of a denuded world. Crescendo if you will, but thereafter diminuendo, pianissimo. And then once again from fresh obscure starting points far down the stem life swelled, and swelled again only to dwindle. The world we live in today is a meagre spectacle beside the abundance of the earlier Tertiary time, when Behemoth in a thousand forms, Deinotherium, Titanotherium, Helladotherium, sabre-toothed tiger, a hundred sorts of elephant, and the like, pushed through the jungles that are now this mild world of today. Where is *that* crescendo now? Crescendo! Through those long ages our ancestors were hiding under leaves and climbing into trees to be out of the way of the crescendo. As the *motif* of a crescendo they sang exceeding small. And now for a little while the world is ours, and we wax in our turn. To what good? To what end? Tell me, you who say the world is good, tell me the end. How can we escape at last the common fate under the darkling sky of a frozen world?"

He paused for some moments, weary with speaking.

"There is no comfort," he said, "in the flowers or the stars; no assurance in the past and no sure hope in the future; there is nothing but the God of faith and courage in the hearts of men. . . . And he gives no sign of power, no earnest of victory. . . . He gives no sign. . . ."

Whereupon Sir Eliphaz breathed the word; *"Immortality!"*

"Let me say a word or two upon Immortality," said Sir Eliphaz, breaking suddenly into eagerness; "for that, I presume, is the thing we have forgotten. That I see is the difference between us and you, Mr. Huss; that is why we can sit here, content to play our partial roles, knowing full surely that some day the broken lines and inconsecutivenesses that perplex us in this life will all be revealed and resolved into their perfect circles, while to you to whom this earthly life is all and final, you must needs be a rebel, you must needs preach a doctrine between defiance and despair. . . . If indeed death ended all! *Ah!* Then indeed you might claim that reason was on your side. The afflictions of man are very many. Why should I deny it?"

The patentee and chief proprietor of the Temanite blocks paused for a moment.

"Yes," he said, peering up through his eyebrows at the sky; "that is the real issue. Blind to that, you are blind to everything."

"I don't know whether I am with you on this question of immortality, Sir Eliphaz," warned Dr. Barrack, coughing shortly.

"For my part I'm altogether with him," said Mr. Dad. "If there is no immortal life—well, what's the good of being temperate and decent and careful for five and fifty years?"

Sir Eliphaz had decided now to drop all apologetics for the scheme of Nature.

"A place of trial, a place of stimulus and training," he said. *"Respice finem.* The clues are all—beyond."

"But if you really consider this world as a place for soul making," said Mr. Huss, "what do you think you are doing when you propose to turn Woldingstanton over to Farr?"

"At any rate," said Mr. Farr tartly, "we do not want soul-blackening and counsels of despair at Woldingstanton. We want the boys taught to serve and help first in this lowly economic sphere, cheerfully and enterprisingly, and then in higher things, before they pass on—"

"If death ends all, then what is the good of trying?" Mr. Dad said, still brooding over the question. "If I thought that—!"

He added with deep conviction, "I should let myself go. . . . . Anyone would."

He blew heavily, stuck his hands in his pockets, and sat more deeply in his chair, an indignant man, a business man asked to give up something for nothing.

For a moment the little gathering hung, only too manifestly contemplating the spectacle of Mr. Dad amidst wine, women, and waistcoats without restraint, letting himself go, eating, drinking, and rejoicing because tomorrow he must die. . . .

"Immortal," said Mr. Huss. "I did not expect immortality to come into this discussion. . . .

"Are *you* immortal, Farr?" he asked abruptly.

"I hope so," said Mr. Farr. "Unworthy though I be."

"Exactly," said Mr. Huss. "And so that is the way out for us. You and I, Mr. Dad from his factory and Sir Eliphaz from his building office, are to soar—. It is all arranged for us, and that is why the tragic greatness of life is to be hidden from my boys. . . .

"Yet even so," continued Mr. Huss, "I do not see why you should be so anxious for technical science and so hostile to the history of mankind."

"Because it is not a true history," said Sir Eliphaz, his hair waving about like the hair of a man electrified by fresh ideas. "Because it is a bunch of loose ends that are really not ends at all, but only beginnings that pass suddenly into the unseen. I admit that in this world nothing is rationalized, nothing is clearly just. I admit everything you say. But the reason? The reason? Because this life is only the first page of the great book we have to read. We sit here, Mr. Huss, like men in a waiting-room. . . . All this life is like waiting outside, in a place of some disorder, before being admitted to the wider reality, the larger sphere, where all the cruelties, all these confusions, everything—will be explained, justified—and set right."

He paused, and then perceiving that Mr. Huss was about to speak he resumed, raising his voice slightly.

"And I do not speak without my book in these matters," he said. "I have been greatly impressed—and what is more Lady Burrows has been greatly impressed, by the writings of two thoroughly scientific men, two thoroughly scientific men, Dr. Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge. Ever since she lost her younger sister early in life Lady Burrows has followed up this interest. It has been a great consolation to her. And the point is, as Sir Oliver insists in that wonder-

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ful book Raymond, that continued existence in another world is as proven now as the atomic theory in chemistry. It is not a matter of faith but knowledge. The partition is breached at last. We are in communication. News is coming through. . . . Scientific certainty. . . ."

Sir Eliphaz cleared his throat. "We have already evidences and descriptions of the life into which we shall pass. Remember this is no idle talk, no deception by Sludges and the like; it is a great English scientific man who publishes these records; it is a great French philosopher, no less a man than that wonderful thinker—and *how* he thinks!—Professor Bergson, who counselled their publication. A glory of science and a glory of philosophy combine to reassure us. We walk at last upon a path of fact, into that further world. We know already much. We know, for example, that those who have passed over to that higher plane have bodies still. That I found—comforting. Without that—one would feel *bleak*. But, the messages say, the internal organs are constituted differently. Naturally. As one would have expected. The dietary is, I gather, practically non-existent. Needless. As the outline is the same, the space is, I presume, used for other purposes. Some sort of astral storage. . . They do not bleed. An interesting fact. Lady Burrows's sister is now practically bloodless. And her teeth—she had lost several, she suffered greatly with her teeth—her teeth have all been replaced—a beautiful set. Used now only for articulate speech."

"Raymond all over again," said the doctor.

"You have read the book!" said Sir Eliphaz.

The doctor grunted in a manner that mingled assent and disapproval. His expression betrayed the scientific bigot.

"We know now *details* of the passage," said Sir Eliphaz. "We have some particulars. We know, for instance, that people blown to pieces take some little time to reconstitute. There is a correlation between this corruptible body and the spirit body that replaces it. There is a sort of spirit doctor over there, very helpful in such cases. And burnt bodies too are a trouble. . . . The sexes are still distinct, but all the coarseness of sex is gone. The passions fade in that better world. Every passion. Even the habit of smoking and the craving for alcohol fade. Not at first. The newly dead will sometimes ask for a cigar. They are given cigars, higher plane cigars, and they do not ask for more. There are no children born there. Nothing of that sort. That it is very important to understand. *Here* is the place of birth; this is where lives begin. This coarse little planet is the seed-bed of life. When it has served its purpose and populated those higher planes, then indeed it may freeze as you say. A mere empty hull. A seed case that has served its purpose, mattering nothing. These are the thoughts, the comforting and beautiful thoughts, that receive the endorsement of our highest scientific and philosophical intelligences. . . . One thinks of that life there, no doubt in some other dimension of space, that world arranged in *planes*, metaphorical planes of course, in which people go to and fro, living in a sort of houses, surrounded by a sort of beautiful things, made, so we are told, from the *smells* of the things we have here. That is curious but not irrational. Our favorite doggies will be there. Sublimated also. That thought has been a great comfort to Lady Burrows. . . . We had a dog called Fido, a leetle teeny fellow—practically human. . . .

"These blessed ones engage very largely in conversation. Other occupations I found difficult to trace. . . . Raymond attended a sort of reception on the very highest plane. It was a special privilege. Perhaps a compliment to Sir Oliver. He met the truth of revealed religion, so to speak, personally. It was a wonderful moment. Sir Oliver suppresses the more solemn details. Lady Burrows intends to write to him. She is anxious for particulars. But I will not dilate," said Sir Eliphaz. "I will not dilate."

"And you believe this *stuff*?" said the doctor in tones of the deepest disgust.

Sir Eliphaz waved himself upon the questioner.

"So far as poor earthly expressions can body forth spiritual things," he hedged.

He regarded his colleagues with an eye of florid defiance. Both Mr. Farr and Mr. Dad had slightly shamefaced expressions, and Mr. Dad's ears were red.

Mr. Dad cleared his throat. "I'm sure there's something in it—anyhow," said Mr. Dad hoarsely, doing his best in support.

"If I was born with a hare lip," said the doctor, "would *that* be put right? Do congenital idiots get sublimated? What becomes of a dog one has shot for hydrophobia?"

"To all of such questions," said Sir Eliphaz serenely, "the answer is—*we don't know*. Why should we?"

§ 4

Mr. Huss seemed lost in meditation. His pale and sunken face and crumpled pose contrasted strongly with the bristling intellectual rectitude and mounting choler of Dr. Elihu Barrack.

"No, Sir Eliphaz," said Mr. Huss, and sighed.

"No," he repeated.

"What a poor phantom of a world these people conjure up! What a mockery of loss and love! The very mothers and lovers who mourn their dead will not believe these foolish stories. Restoration! It is a crowning indignity. It makes me think of nothing in the world but my dear boy's body, broken and crumpled, and some creature, half fool and half imposter, sitting upon it, getting between it and me, and talking cheap rubbish over it about planes of being and astral bodies. . . .

"After all, you teach me, Sir Eliphaz, that life for all its grossness and pain and horror is not so bad as it might be—if such things as this were true. But it needs no sifting of the evidence to know they are untrue. No sane man believes this stuff for ten minutes together. It is impossible to believe it. . . ."

Dr. Elihu Barrack applauded. Sir Eliphaz acted a fine self-restraint.

"They are contrary to the texture of everything we know," said Mr. Huss. "They are less convincing than the wildest dreams. By pain, by desire, by muscular effort, by the feeling of sunshine or of rain in the face, by their sense of justice and such like essential things, do men test the reality of appearances before them. This certainly is no reality. It has none of the *feel* of reality. I will not even argue about it. It is thrust now upon a suffering world as comfort, and even as comfort for people stunned and uncritical with grief it fails. You and Lady Burrows may be pleased to think that somehow you two with your teeth restored and your complexions rejuvenated will meet again the

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sublimation of your faithful Fido. At any rate, thank God for that, I know clearly that so I shall never meet my son. Never! He has gone from me. . . ."

For some moments mental and physical suffering gripped him, and he could not speak; but his purpose to continue was so manifested by sweating face and gripping hand that no one spoke until he spoke again.

"Now let me speak plainly about Immortality. For surely I stand nearest to that possibility of all of us here. Immortality then is no such dodging away as you imagine, from this strange world which is so desolating, so dreadful, so inexplicable—and at times so utterly lonely. There may be a God in the universe or there may not be. . . . God if he exists can be terribly silent. . . . But if there is a God, he is a coherent God. If there is a God above and in the scheme of things, then not only you and I and my dead son, but the crushed frog and the trampled anthill *signify*. On that the God in my heart insists. There has to be an answer, not only to the death of my son but to the dying penguin roasted alive for a farthing's worth of oil. There must be an answer to the men who go in ships to do such things. There has to be a justification for all the filth and wretchedness of louse and fluke. I will not have you slipping by on the other side, chattering of planes of living and sublimated atoms, while there is a drunken mother or a man dying of cholera in this world. I will not hear of a God who is just a means for getting away. Whatever foulness and beastliness there is, you must square God with that. Or there is no universal God, but only a coldness, a vast cruel indifference. . . .

"I would not make my peace with such a God if I could.

"I tell you of these black and sinister realities and what do you reply? That it is all right, because after death we shall get away from them. Why! if presently I go down under the surgeon's knife, down out of this hot and weary world, and then find myself being put together by a spirit doctor in this *beyond* of yours, waking up to a new world of amiable conversations and artificial flowers, having my hair restored and the gaps among my teeth filled up, I shall feel like someone who has deserted his kind, who has sneaked from a sick-room into a party. . . . Well—my infection will go with me. I shall talk of nothing but the tragedy out of which I have come—which still remains—which continues—tragedy.

"And yet I believe in Immortality!"

Dr. Barrack, who had hitherto been following Mr. Huss with evident approval, started, sounded a note of surprise and protest, and fixed accusing eyes upon him. For the moment he did not interrupt.

"But it is not I that am immortal, but the God within me. All this personal immortality of which you talk is a mockery of our personalities. What is there personal in us that can live? What makes us our very selves? It is all a matter of little mean things, small differences, slight defects. Where does personal love grip?—on just these petty things. . . . Oh! dearly and bitterly did I love my son, and what is it that my heart most craves for now? His virtues? No! His ambitions? His achievements? . . . No! none of these things. . . . But for a certain queer flush among his freckles, for a kind of high crack in his voice. . . . a certain absurd hopefulness in his talk. . . . the sound of his footsteps, a little halt there was in the rhythm of them. These are the things we long for. These are the things that wring the heart. . . . But all these things are just the mortal things, just the defects that would be touched out upon this higher plane you talk about. You would give him back to me, smoothed and polished and regularized. So, I grant, it must be if there is to be this higher plane. But what does it leave of personal distinction? What does it leave of personal love?

"When my son has had his defects smoothed away, then he will be like all sons. When the older men have been ironed out, they will be like the younger men. There is no personality in hope and honor and righteousness and truth. . . . My son has gone. He has gone for ever more. The pain may some day go. . . . The immortal thing in us is the least personal thing. It is not you nor I who go on living, it is Man that lives on, Man the Universal, and he goes on living, a tragic rebel in this same world and in no other. . . ."

Mr. Huss leant back in his chair.

"There burns an undying fire in the hearts of men. By that fire I live. By that I know the God of my Salvation. His will is Truth; his will is Service. He urges me to conflict, without consolations, without rewards. He takes and does not restore. He uses up and does not atone. He suffers—perhaps to triumph, and we must suffer and find our hope of triumph in Him. He will not let me shut my eyes to sorrow, failure, or perplexity. Though the universe torment and slay me, yet will I trust in Him. And if He also must die. Nevertheless I can do no more; I must serve him. . . ."

He ceased. For some moments no one spoke, silenced by his intensity.

H. G. Wells.

Colors

I am so glad of the colors of things.
Night, of course, is blue,
And morning red and yellow, like a tulip.
Babies are blue, flecked with white,
Because of their eyes.
A voice I know is the green of a breaking wave.
Callers that outstay their time
Get shiny brown.
Church-going is purple.
The dull, flat purple of a prayer-book marker.
There is another purple, though,
Radiant, rosy,
I have only seen it once, in northern lights,
I think it must be Religion.
Adventure is golden,
Because of the sun on brass helmets.
Love is white, glowing.
I know what I'll do!
I'll gather them all together
And make a stained glass window of them,
Inscribing it thus:

To the Glory of God
In loving Memory
of
My Days on Earth.

Phoebe Crosby Allnut.

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CORRESPONDENCE

To the President

At the request of its author we print this Open Letter to the President.

MY Dear Mr. President: A very earnest passion for justice to all men of whatever race, color or condition of life, constrains me, after mature reflection, to write you in regard to the case of United States vs. W. D. Haywood, et als,—Industrial Workers of the World, with a view to giving you an unbiased opinion of the case should you be appealed to for executive clemency in behalf of the defendants.

This government of ours was set up, and its Constitution ordained to "establish justice," among other things, and when that purpose is thwarted or betrayed by those charged with the administration of justice, all personal considerations are as dust in the balance in comparison with the duty to expose any and all prostitution of the agencies of justice and the law to wrongful ends. I have concluded, however, after much consideration, that the only proper and perhaps effective action for me to take is to bring the matter to your attention.

As some indication of my competency and qualifications to express the opinion and views hereinafter stated in regard to this prosecution, I may say I have been actively engaged in the practice of law for twenty odd years; that for nearly five years I was Assistant to the Attorney General of the Philippine Islands; and that during the past year I have been a captain in the Military Intelligence Division, General Staff, United States Army; but have been honorably discharged from the service.

While in the service my lips were necessarily and properly closed in respect to all official matters that came under my observation, and I am still under a keen sense of official obligation never to divulge any official secrets that came to my knowledge, and shall keep them inviolate. But I do not consider that there is anything secret about this trial, which was public, and the results of which are known of all men; nor do I consider it a breach of propriety for me to discuss it merely because Military Intelligence caused a summary of the evidence and testimony to be made. On the contrary, having made that summary myself, free from the turmoils and distractions incident to the trial and the court room, I believe I may say with entire justification that I know more about this case, as disclosed by the record, than even the participants themselves, and that, under all the circumstances, there is not only no impropriety, but a grave public duty on my part to expose the great injustice the record discloses.

To forestall at the outset the possibility of suspicion that I am in sympathy with the Industrial Workers of the World, or prejudiced in their favor, I wish to say that all my life my associations and affiliations have been with the so-called "capitalist class," and that I, myself, belong to what may be called the "upper crust" of society. That I never met, to my knowledge, a member of the I. W. W. in my life, and that prior to this trial I never heard of the organization, except in so vague and indefinite a way that it created no impression of any kind whatever upon my mind. I confess that during the past year I have read nearly everything appearing in the papers about them, and from other sources, and none of it has been to their credit, or calculated to prepossess me in their favor. In fact, conceding the honesty and sincerity of the members of the organization, its preamble and constitution stamp it, in my judgment, as a revolutionary organization that has no rightful place or justification under our institutions. A realization of its programme involves the destruction of social order, the overthrow of our government, and, in its final results, all the horrors, wrongs, injustices and outrages that are the children of anarchy, such as we are today witnessing in Russia. Wherefore, it may be assumed that whatever prejudices I have in the premises are all uncompromisingly against the I. W. W.

I may say in this connection, however, that my sympathies are with the working people. In my opinion, they have been the victims of outrageous exploitation. They do not always receive a square deal, either at the hands of their employers, or in the courts of our land. But while these things are true, they cannot be remedied by a programme of anarchy and destruction. Such a policy is unnecessary and without justification under a government such as ours. Our government is of the people, and the great majority of the people love justice, and can be counted upon to unite upon any sane and constructive programme to secure justice to themselves and their children, and to work out through government agencies and the force of public opinion the reforms that are so much needed in our social, economic and industrial life. If it is deficient in righteousness, and does not reflect the will of the majority—who are the working people—they have only themselves to blame. The power being in their hands, their responsibility is not to destroy the government edifice but to set it in order.

I believe this terrible war, touching, as it has, every life in all the world with sorrow, sacrifice, destruction and death, is but the prelude to the dawn of a better day for all mankind—a hastening of that "far-off divine event towards which all creation moves." Old things have passed away, never to return. The war has forced a common and universal suffering, sorrow and cooperation, and out of it all men have gained a broader vision, deeper human sympathies and a realization of human brotherhood that will sweep away the barriers that heretofore barred the way to social, economic and industrial justice and reform. The times call for mutual respect, confidence and cooperation between all classes of our people, and it would be a pity, indeed, a crime, to throw away this wonderful opportunity for social betterment by magnifying past wrongs, keeping alive class antagonisms, and pursuing a programme of social strife and destructive and subversive policies.

What we need in this country, and are going to have if all our people irrespective of class will but get together in a spirit of accommodation and cooperation, are more just and equitable laws, that shall be righteously administered without respect to persons, and where cases of wrong and injustice, that cannot be reached by law, will be remedied by the force of an enlightened public opinion, which those who are disposed to evil will dare not affront.

Perhaps I have indulged in too much of a preachment, but have deemed the foregoing expedient to give force and effect to the opinion and views I shall now express in regard to this trial.

As stated, I have summarized the record of this trial, which covers between thirty-five and forty thousand typewritten pages. It has been necessary for me to read with care and thought every page. It is, of course, impossible for me to discuss in detail in this communication the law

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and evidence of the case as revealed in the record. I can only state my deliberate opinion and conclusions, based upon a review and careful consideration of the record as a whole, which are as follows:

1. These defendants were indicted for a conspiracy to unlawfully and feloniously, and by force, prevent, hinder and delay the execution of certain laws of the United States, set forth in the indictment, which laws concerned chiefly the government's preparation for and prosecution of the war. In the first place, the indictment is, in my judgment, fatally defective in that it does not give or convey to the defendants sufficient information of the nature and the cause of the accusations against them, which is their right under the sixth amendment to the Federal Constitution. I understand, and am informed, that in a recent prosecution of certain I. W. W.'s in Seattle, upon an indictment modelled upon the one in this case as a precedent, three judges of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals quashed the indictment upon the ground above stated.

2. While evidence in the record discloses that several of these defendants said and did things for which they could have been successfully prosecuted under the Espionage law, and for which they should have been prosecuted, convicted and punished, the evidence is, in my opinion, insufficient on the whole, to show and establish beyond a reasonable doubt a *conspiracy* as charged in the indictment. Congress never conscripted labor, as it might have done, and there is no law of which I am aware that prohibits working people from striking and cooperating in formulating plans for a strike and methods to make their strike a success. The strike being the exercise of a legal right, if the fundamental motive and purpose underlying it were to secure better wages, shorter hours of labor, and better living conditions in industry, the mere fact that the interests of the government in its efforts to prepare for and carry on the war, were *incidentally* prejudiced, did not, of itself and alone, constitute a violation of law, however reprehensible it may be regarded and condemned in other respects. The evidence shows that these defendants and their associates had been active for years in trying to correct what they conceived to be outrageous injustices to their class in the economic and industrial conditions in this country. Their policy and activities have been consistent from the beginning, and only differed after the United States entered the war in degree and intensity but not in methods or purpose.

3. Whatever may be the merits or demerits of the indictment, and the question of the sufficiency of the evidence as a whole to sustain the prosecution—and upon these matters there may be ground for debate—there can be no question, in my opinion, of the absolute innocence and wrongful conviction of Charles Ashleigh, Leo Laukie and Vincent St. John in particular. I defy anyone to show me one scintilla of evidence in the record of this trial that proves that either of the above defendants conspired with anyone to violate any law, or that they did, in fact, violate any law, as charged and set forth in the indictment, or otherwise.

While I am of the opinion that these men were convicted contrary to the law and the evidence, solely because they were leaders of a revolutionary organization against which public sentiment was justly incensed; and that the verdict rendered was a foregone conclusion from the beginning in obedience to a public hysteria and popular demand, due to the psychology of the times, I feel that the inclusion in the verdict and sentence of the three defendants above named was a gross miscarriage of justice and an outrage that every consideration of right and the peace and good order of society demand should be corrected.

4. This case has rested very heavily upon my conscience, Mr. President, and it is quite a relief to me now that I have reached the determination to lay before you my views upon it; which I do in the confidence that it will receive from your enlightened mind and deep-rooted instincts of human sympathy and love of justice the consideration it demands, and such action, if the opportunity offers, as will fully satisfy the ends of justice and the best interests of society.

ALEXANDER SIDNEY LANIER.

Grocery Stock and Bonds

SIR: Your California correspondent from a town with the irresponsible name of Blythe has in your issue of April 5th called to the attention of your readers the fact that a friend of his is "getting more returns per annum on $300 invested in stock in a grocery store than from $1200 invested in Liberty bonds, aside from the question of the depreciated market value of said bonds." He suggests that the matter offers food for reflection.

Apart from the reflection that his friend in the prune belt has evidently a good eye for a grocery, there remains the basic consideration that the government of the U. S. has never intended, in putting out securities to pay for the war, to offer a rate of interest sufficiently high to upset market conditions—the remunerative grocery of his thrifty friend, and innumerable other small concerns, continue to exist on this sufferance.

What the Treasury Department has done is to offer to the loyal citizen the opportunity to lend his money to the government at only a fair rate of interest, and to compensate him for that it has sold him a security which is unquestionably the safest investment in the world today. No sudden demise of groceries, no tragedies of unpaid accounts, can depreciate his interest, nor imperil the final repayment, at par value, of his principal invested.

The correspondent from the jocund town of Blythe seems to have shrugged off his shoulders his sense of responsibility for the payment of an honorable debt. May I ask him what would be his idea of financing a war,—against, say, Japan,—should complications arise with that nation in regard to interests on our western coast? Could it be managed upon a purely grocery basis, and in that case, assuming that we had in eighteen months issued eighteen billion dollars' worth of grocery bonds at par, does he believe that they would not have depreciated in value, or that there would be a chance of investors getting their money back when the securities matured?

I agree with him fully that "the matter offers food for reflection" as well as food for profit.

JANET A. FAIRBANK.

Washington, D. C.

The Irish and Article X

SIR: The answer to E. N. Vallandigham's remarks upon the Irish attitude toward the League of Nations is found in the same issue (March 29) of The New Republic. The secret of Irish opposition is the wording of Article X. One could hardly expect the Irish to be very enthusiastic supporters of a covenant which guarantees in perpetuity England's sovereignty over them.

AMY DYCEFORTH.

Chicago, Ill.

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Books and Things

ONE of the decisive hours of my life is less than a month old. In order to make you understand I shall have to go back two years, or almost, to an evening in May, 1917, when I dined with the Bassetts. If you are not a multimillionaire you may never have taken dinner with them, but at least you will have noticed their house, on the south-east corner of Seventy-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue. You must have noticed it, even if you have always lived in New York. Its exterior was the result of an attempt to disguise an Assyrian ziggurat as a replica of the Sassanian palace at Firuzabad, and yet to have the whole thing suggest that the architect was taking a flier in Churrigueresque Renaissance. Bassett once told me that his idea in building this residence was to make Senator Clark's, just across the way, look like a portable shack.

The house was Bassett's one excursion into the fantastic and fabulous. As for the rest, I could never see any particular harm in him. He always struck me as just an ordinary self-made multimillionaire, as possibly trying to atone for the flagrancy of his dwelling by his own sober bird-of-prey plumage, as inoffensive in everything that doesn't matter, as leading without noise his own sedentary and predatory life, no man's fool, and only one woman's. That woman, an English governess the Bassetts had once, was the single human being, so far as I am aware, who knew how to flatter Bassett. Her method was simple. She kept telling him he was such a light eater.

Mrs. Bassett is a very different proposition. By how much Walker J. is one and homogeneous and all-of-a-piece, by so much is Genevieve Bassett distracted and heterogeneous. Could you see into her head you would find, I am sure, that it contained "the insignificant brain-pan of a bird." As a hostess she is conspicuous for her inability to let bad enough alone. Many a time I have seen her call for silence at dinner, because she wanted us all to have the privilege of hearing what the man beside her had just said, and many a time we have all listened while he repeated his original fear that the worst was yet to come, looking like the poor boob he felt himself to be. Malice? Never believe it. Genevieve merely suffers from the awful gift of self-expression, and her self happens to be an interrupter, an interferer, a gummer of all games.

Quite remarkable, I think, is Genevieve Bassett's turn for inventing self-expressive deeds, for translating into action, into one and the same action, her incongruous and contradictory ambitions. Take, for example, that dinner in May, 1917. At that time her ambition was to be known as one of our most ruthless food conservers. So what did she do but administer to twelve people an evening meal consisting of soup, boiled fish, lettuce salad and prunes, served by three men, in a Louis d'Or dining room, to the sound of distant music. If Genevieve noted the bitterness written on eleven faces did she care? Not a bit. She has always had the courage of every recent accession to her convictions.

Well, not long after this melancholy dinner my work took me away from the Bassetts, out of this country in fact, and it was not until a month ago that I found myself again on Fifth Avenue, walking northward from Fifty-ninth, looking for signs of change. No change I hadn't discounted met my eyes until I was nearing Seventy-seventh Street, when I pulled up short. In frontage, number of stories, displacement, the Bassett residence was the same, but in all else how transformed! The frantic exterior was gone. Not a trace of the old style, the bulbous-jazzanine style, remained. The house was so plain in its neatness that it no longer deserved to be called a residence. I wondered who the new owner might be.

But the owner isn't new. He is still Bassett himself, as I discovered when we lunched together a few days later. We had so much business to confer about that I hadn't a chance to ask after the house until it was time to separate. He answered with a happy smile. "It's Mrs. Kingscote did it," he said. "Her new concern. I'll mail you the literature. Or better still, call her up and make an appointment." And he gave me her number.

One of the decisive hours of my life, I began by calling this appointment with Mrs. Kingscote, and I stand by every word. For the moment, while the association she is founding is still being organized, all I can do is in the loosest and roughest way to describe its main objects. Mrs. Kingscote herself will make a full statement later, at her own time, after she and the many experts already on her payroll have worked out the details. Her association, to which no one will be admitted who did not pay or evade for 1918 an income tax of at least twenty-five thousand dollars, aims to encourage among the rich a wise expenditure of any little income the government may happen to leave us the control of. Her idea, explained in her incisive English voice, is to encourage thrift on the part of millionaires, to better their taste, to make their expenditure socially harmless or even positively useful. What she did to the exterior of the Bassetts' house you already know. The change she has wrought inside, although bound to be less striking, is equally worthy of record. Bassett's picture gallery, for example, which had been a monument to a certain dealer's powers of persuasion, and which was all nudes and Étretat, is no longer a monotonous series of falaises, Olympe, Olympe, falaises. It now contains many pictures by living Americans.

With regard to Old Masters Mrs. Kingscote's plan is little short of revolutionary. Every member of her association must agree not to purchase an Old Master for ten years, at the end of which period the ban will be lifted and such purchases will be permitted to members who wish to give one or more Old Masters to certain duly qualified art museums. If competition were confined to prospective donors Mrs. Kingscote believes prices would drop. She admits, of course, that ten years may be too long a time, that such a protracted absence of any market might cause prices to fall too low and thus bring the Old Masters into undeserved disrepute. Experience alone can determine what proportion of the money spent on Old Masters can be saved without making them so cheap that no self-respecting American will walk across a picture gallery to look at one.

These are but items, chosen at random in the hope of giving you some vague notion of her grandiose plan. As for the more delicate parts of that plan, as for her design of rebuilding personality, I am not at liberty to say more than two things. First, in the few weeks that she has been at work upon me she has greatly augmented my supply of tact and charm. Secondly, she has done wonders with Mrs. Bassett, with whom I dined last week, and who no longer spiked the talk by asking a talker either questions which it was plain he didn't want to answer or questions which it was equally plain that he was on the point of answering if she had only let him alone.

Even Bassett has noticed the change in his wife. "Genevieve's improved some, hasn't she?" he asked me before the evening was over. "She's learned to leave the conversation lay."

P. L.

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The Light that Failed

The Years Between, by Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

PUBLIC poems are like public statuary. They are not intended to give pleasure. They are intended to impose, to exalt, to edify. In the case of the statues the edification is usually miscalculated. We do not feel that a good man has been lifted above us. We feel that a good man has had the intolerable misfortune to be petrified or metallized, and in uncomfortable clothes. Poetry in a frock coat, holding in its hand the pot-hat of statesmanship, is not much better off. Unless the poet is really transfigured by his cause—"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints"—he is one of the most lugubrious and depressing of pedestalled men.

For twenty years and more Rudyard Kipling has put aside these light aesthetic considerations. He has come to take with enormous seriousness his function as the British laureate. Once he played on a banjo. He wrote jazz poetry. Those glad old days are gone. Now, as this collection of public poems testifies, he makes his roost on a pedestal. From heroes like Joe Chamberlain and Lord Roberts he rises to the Army and the Navy, and then to the stern invocation of God. After the ex-Kaiser, H. G. Wells and Billy Sunday, Mr. Kipling is more ready to lisp for God than any other public character. But extremely solemnly. And where would the public poet be without the Old Testament? As Mr. Kipling might say, where in Christendie?

Although humorless in his politics, Mr. Kipling is extremely sincere. Beginning as an Anglo-Indian in a land of military occupation he very early acquired the stern creed of a colonist and he has held it ever since. That creed is necessarily simple. It consists first of all in the belief that the colonist has a mission. The ennoblement of this mission (whether as the White Man's Burden or the Covenant or Justice or Chastisement or the Law or the Faith or the Word) is the imperative necessity of the colonist's tribal situation. Hence a heavy emphasis on loyalty and service and obedience and sacrifice, on one side, and on treachery and outrage and shiftiness and sinfulness, on the other. The second point in the creed of the colonist bears on that necessary accompaniment of manifest destiny—formidable force. We "cleansed our East with steel," said Mr. Kipling in 1907, commemorating the veterans of the Indian Mutiny. "Our" East means the East of sacred responsibility or destiny. Steel applied under such circumstances is always "cleansing" steel. It calls for "iron sacrifice of body, will and soul."

> Body and Spirit I surrendered whole
> To harsh Instructors—and received a soul.

"But the Lord has left me over for a servant of the Judgment," is the complementary belief. Yet when the enemy tries to use the same argument Mr. Kipling is immeasurably scornful. Those evil creatures are Beasts. They have "'No law except the sword unsheathed and uncontrolled.'" "They glare and pant for Baal, They mouth and rant for Baal." And war against them is Holy War.

With such righteousness as is natural to the colonist, Mr. Kipling never learned anything about government by public opinion when he came to England. All he could see for England was the morality of the Covenanter, close to "the wellsprings of Wisdom and Strength which are Faith and Endeavor." "Yours not to reason why," became his motto. He did not tend to grow experimental as he grew more important and older and as his language stank more of archaic reading. He could understand a flexible federal policy, as expressed in his Song of the Dominions:

> 'Twixt my house and thy house the pathway is broad,
> In thy house or my house is half the world's hoard;
> By my house and thy house hangs all the world's fate,
> On thy house and my house lies half the world's hate.

But this liberality was a concession to tribalism. In the main he enforced his narrow insistence on the Army and the Navy, the flabbiness of liberalism, the brittleness of intellectuals, the necessity of strict partisanship in foreign policy, the essential hatefulness of any and every foe.

Mr. Kipling's imperialism was never "world-power or downfall." It was always a colonist imperialism, with devotion in it to One Law, One Land, One Throne. His poem on Ulster gives a direct clue to the retrograde tendency of this fiercely traditional attitude.

> The dark eleventh hour
> Draws on and sees us sold
> To every evil power
> We fought against of old.
> Rebellion, rapine, hate,
> Oppression, wrong and greed
> Are loosed to rule our fate,
> By England's act and deed.

This is the King James Version of Home Rule, hundreds of years late, but it is natural for Mr. Kipling to see Ulster as Anglo-India and the Irish as Indian Mutineers. What makes Ulster amusing is the subsequent poem of 1918 on the Irish Guards. Here Mr. Kipling seeks to praise the exponents of rebellion, rapine, hate, etc., in so far as they have enlisted to fight for the empire. The result ought to be called The Stage-Irish Guards. It bears no more real relation to the men he approves than Ulster bears a real relation to the men he disapproves. It has, however, a merit extraordinarily rare in these latter poems. It has a little music, an echo of the old music that was glad intoxication in Kipling's early song.

The Female of the Species is an even better example of Mr. Kipling's antiquated moralist type of mind. No woman can understand abstract justice, he tells us. Her business is to be "Mother of the Infant and the Mistress of the Mate"—in other words, to proceed from heifer to cow in God's Good Time. "Man knows it . . . the Woman that God gave him must command but may not govern." This uncomplicated philosophy of the sexes is on the same level as his politics. He does not forget. He does not learn.

One gathers that Mr. Kipling had to wait till the present reaction after hostilities to resume his importance as a public interpreter in England. The moral case of the Allies is probably the explanation of this interregnum. Whatever Mr. Kipling had to say during the war about God and the Tribe, service and sacrifice, dynasty and destiny—the Germans said it first. It was democracy, the cause Mr. Kipling scorned, that provided the practicable morale of the Entente. Mr. Kipling's touching ballad, My Boy Jack, is not affected by this subversion of his "imperialism." Nor are all his Epitaphs, nor his witty Nat-

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ural Theology. But the "big" tribal poems on the war were coin that could not have currency for the world. It is only with a return of insularisms that they are acceptable.

More relevant for Americans is Mr. Kipling's dulled expression. Whatever his politics, he writes like a man whose senses are no longer elastic or even vivid. This is the real reason why his public poems seem like public statuary. The light of his youth and his youthful personality is departed, leaving an Anglo-Indian mind. In this volume there are glints of genius, but most of it has the sullenness of leaden spirits and laggard inspiration. Only the most fatuous Kiplingites will rejoice in it. F. H.

The War and American History

The Development of the United States, From Colonies to the World Power, by Max Farrand. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

I SHALL never forget the ecstasy with which I listened twenty years ago to Edward Channing as he reconstructed American history in his lectures at Harvard in the old History 10. That bare old room, the windows stained by a century of time, the hard bench on which I wriggled my aching legs, searching for a soft spot, became a sort of palace of enchantment. There appeared for the first time to me the attitude toward American history in general and the judgments upon its great factors which Professor Farrand has so lucidly and succinctly set forth in this able little volume. With a dignity and an eloquence I have rarely heard a lecturer surpass, with an extent of erudition convincing even to a youngster, with a quality of humor which many have envied, Channing emphasized these same salient features of American development. For the first time I saw the influence of economic and social history upon political and constitutional development; for the first time I appreciated the complexity of their reaction and interaction. I saw the fallacies of the older view and its superficiality. Gently, humorously, inexorably, my idols were shown to have feet of clay and in their stead rose before me the true splendor and magnitude of American genius, both in individuals and in the people as a whole.

Some measure of this same joy is certainly in store for that numerous body of American citizens to whom this view is still as unsuspected as it was to me when I first went to college. The impression cannot be quite the same, for the written word never has quite the magic of the spoken word, and Professor Farrand, for all his adequate scholarship and power of expression, is not Channing. I should, perhaps, not subject him to so exacting a comparison, or test him in terms of the man who seems to me the greatest living historian of American birth. Yes—let us sweep in Bancroft, Prescott and Parkman. Channing is their master in the extent and variety of his erudition, in the quality of his literary style, in the sanity of his judgments. Parkman, for all the wonder of his performance, had, it must be confessed, a task simple compared to that of treating the history of the country as a whole. It is truly Channing whom we must thank for the most important features of this new conception of American history. Nor would I make such a point of it, were not the ignorance of this fact among the public at large more general than it should be, and had Professor Farrand's publishers not so worded their announcement as to lead one to suppose that Professor Farrand claimed for himself the real credit for the ideas as well as for their restatement. His acknowledgements to Channing are generous, as also to that galaxy of able men, of whom Turner and Andrews are foremost, to whom much of the detail of the structure is due.

Professor Farrand has, however, achieved no unimportant nor undistinguished feat in this lucid statement of the results obtained by a generation of American scholars. He has written a brief book, compressed by clever publishing so as to seem smaller than it is, without blurring the lines of his subject, without becoming unintelligible or uninteresting. It is a vital and vigorous book, albeit it lacks that astonishing sense of reserve power Channing never fails to impart to his own writing. It lacks also—and it may be this is its greatest deficiency, the one which will most prevent our calling it a great book—that warm glow of sincere, though candid, patriotism which illumines Channing's great History. Professor Farrand is judicial, notably impartial, but not warm. He seems like an observer looking on at a play which does not personally concern him. He fails to let his reader see from time to time that what he says has for him as deep a significance as it ought to have for the reader. He informs, entertains, even amuses at times, but he does not stir the blood nor excite the imagination.

He sees American development as the origin and past history of the economic entity which played so astounding a part in the Great War. Not our political history, nor our constitutional, neither the Revolution nor the Civil War, made us a factor in 1917, but our economic strength and the character and variety of our industrial development. For this reason, Professor Farrand puts economic and social development in the very foreground as the most significant factors in the development of the United States, but he is careful to emphasize political and constitutional reactions and interactions, and states (page 298), "If there be any value in the sketch of American development that has been attempted in this book, it must lie in the recognition that a great variety of forces produced the modern American, and in the presentation of elements sometimes neglected."

For this reason, the political narrative seemed to him relatively unimportant. To the great episodes of history as it has usually been written, the Revolution, the Civil War, Reconstruction, he devotes one brief chapter each. The whole narrative of colonization is reduced to a few lines. The framing of the Constitution and its content occupy a scant few pages. This compression was absolutely imperative if there was to be adequate space for social and economic development. It was moreover just, if the resultant United States was an economic, rather than a political, fact.

For this reason, too, he devotes the bulk of his space to those periods of American History in which the economic development was most significant and most rapid—from 1812 to 1850, and the period since 1878—rather more than half his book to two periods which have commonly been those subordinated. He then compressed the Civil War, with the whole panoply of its causes and results, into twenty pages, and Reconstruction into fifteen. Many people may perhaps receive the impression that, to his thinking, the vital fact in the new history is the omission of all the things which seemed important in the old. Yet he has a case for which much can be said. While the Civil War was fresh in the minds of Americans, those features of our history naturally came into prominence which gave us a detailed knowledge of its causes and course, and they

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were naturally political and constitutional. But when the United States threw its economic and industrial strength into the war and decided the issue, the Civil War promptly ceased to be *the* great event in American history, and naturally the facts which best explained the United States as it was in 1917 became the things which would seem most important to the people who fought the war.

At the same time, there will be those who will wonder whether the Fourteenth Amendment was worth three pages; the Panic of 1873, two pages; cattle ranching, one and a half; when the American part in the Great War received one page; Bunker Hill, Saratoga and Gettysburg were not even mentioned, and the great majority of characters in American history became mere names. Yet it is in these omissions, in the extended treatment of particular periods, that we find Professor Farrand's judgment of constructive factors in American history and of the relative importance of the period. These are the things which are new, if any are. These are the propositions upon which he is departing from his models.

The greatness of Channing lies, in part at least, in his ability to make men not merely apprehend or understand American history, but feel it and re-live it. The objective is never for him the only desirable impression. There must always be a subjective element both for the author and reader. He makes the development of the United States the work of men and women of flesh and blood, whose struggles and ambitions, whose ideals and aspirations stirred me as profoundly as anything I encountered in college. I am inclined to wonder whether or not the extent of emphasis laid by Professor Farrand on the economic and social factors in American development does not tend to rob our history of the personal element, to make it seem the work of automata rather than of men and women, of unconscious rather than conscious development, of growing rather than of building. To him unquestionably American history is a singularly live thing; but it seems to me that the amount of space he has devoted to ships, tea, cotton, railroads, panics, has so attracted the reader's attention that the subtle sentences about personalities are forgotten. Nearly everything in which individuals as such played a direct or striking part has been omitted, or reduced to a phrase or an adjective, or at most a sentence. Nearly everything related at length is a sort of collective enterprise in which individuals as such were lost, like the colonization of the West, or the growth of the railroads. The unconscious, the prosaic, the purely material, the crassness of machine production; these thrust themselves upon the reader's attention to the exclusion of other elements. Professor Farrand has, so to speak, dehumanized American history. He has made it a sort of mechanism; not because he meant to, but because to that extent one cannot write about things and connote persons, one cannot devote pages to economic phenomena and expect the human interests to remain in the foreground. Even a very great artist cannot achieve such a feat. I question whether that kind of feat is not impossible.

I would not have it supposed that my opinion of this book is unfavorable. It is an admirable piece of work, and emphasizes that unusual tendency to write American history as a whole, instead of separating it into the variety of type compartments called political, constitutional, social, economic history, without any sense of the existence of the others. American life was a whole, and it must be so presented to us. Professor Farrand is not the first person so to present it, nor is he the first to do it well, but he has written a book which is admirably adapted to making the revelation clear of the glory of American development to those whose previous impressions were derived from the grade school and the daily newspaper. If you know already what is in it, you will enjoy the skill and subtlety of his craftsmanship. If you do not know what he has to say, you will truly be astonished to see how different he makes American history seem to what most people think it was.

ROLAND G. USHER.

Democracy and Empire

The Rise of the Spanish Empire, in the old world and in the new, by Roger Bigelow Merriman. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co.

FEW countries have suffered more at the hands of the incompetent than Spain. Alhambra moonlight, inquisitorial dungeons and guerrilla warfare offer a bait that can scarcely be resisted. The eminent and sound commonsense of the Spanish people, their administrative ability as colonists, their worldwide contributions to the development of parliamentary representation are studiously neglected. The pageant of empire is depicted but the triumphant drama of a great nation is ignored for the dime-novel exploits of some of its rulers. We are indebted to Professor Merriman for the publication of his Rise of the Spanish Empire. He intends to continue his history to the end of the reign of Philip II. We wish that he were less content to leave the Decline and Fall of Spain to others. A monumental history of the Iberian people upon such a basis of scholarship, patience and tolerance would provide ourselves and several future generations with a standard work that could answer all questions and guide the curious to the most reliable sources of contemporary information.

There never was a time when work of this sort was less appreciated or more urgently needed. The man who has the courage to perform such a task amidst the din of our turbulent and agonizing world deserves our humble gratitude. Professor Merriman begins his history when the Roman provinces were first overrun by the Gothic and Moorish hordes who destroyed the ancient world. He describes the great conquest which gave Spain to the Spaniards and which has shaped the political and religious conceptions of the Spanish people to this very day. He gives a detailed account of the attempted conquest of the Mediterranean and shows how the energy expended upon national and dynastic consolidation drove the Spanish adventurer to the ends of the earth and established that vast cultural empire which remains the solid heritage of their Catholic Majesties. Most important of all, he presents us with a detailed and unbiassed account of the development of local and provincial self-government in medieval Spain. The bickerings of the diverse Johns and Alfonsos we shall willingly forget to remember the vastly more important origin and growth of the Spanish Cortes.

Under the influence of our New England text-book writers (who rarely honored a foreign language with their acquaintance) our American world has a hazy notion that in or about the year 1215 representative government was started by a few liberty-loving barons who defied royal authority at Runnymede and then and there created the first full-fledged parliament which the world had ever seen. Unfortunately the question is not quite so simple. All Germanic peoples have tasted of the sweet fruit of popular self-determination. The Norsemen carried their system

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to their colonies as early as the ninth century. The history of Flanders and Holland in the thirteenth century is a murderous account of the struggle between the ever increasing power of a well represented Third Estate and its impoverished masters. In Castile, Professor Merriman brings his Cortes back to the civic councils established during the last century of Visigothic domination and revived with increasing vigor when several of the Spanish provinces were united under one ruler, early in the thirteenth century. Their record, from that moment on, proves that democracy is a question of "watchful waiting." The powerful cities, jealous of each other's rights and privileges, committed suicide for the benefit of the throne. The political trust, of which Ferdinand and Isabella made themselves the chief executives, encouraged the petty quarrels between the smaller interests. Of the forty-nine cities which sent representatives to the Cortes during the last decade of the fourteenth century, only eighteen survived a hundred years later. Those who once had gathered to discuss the legislative and financial affairs of their country, now met to vote a few taxes from which the majority of their own members (clergy and nobility) were themselves exempt. Gradually the revenue from the American treasure and from newly acquired African domains made the crown completely independent from domestic taxation. In the year 1482 a first attempt was made to do without the advice of the representative body. There was no outbreak of popular discontent. When the Cortes were called together again sixteen years later the Crown was more powerful than ever. Soon afterwards the Hapsburgs married themselves unto the throne of Spain. Their ability to do without the advice of their subjects was already proverbial in the sixteenth century. For more than two hundred years they ruled Spain after their own inspired vision. The results are well known.

Laborious research on the part of Professor Merriman has conquered this history. The result is monumental.

H. W. v. L.

Eccentric London

Nights in London, by Thomas Burke. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

AT a dinner party in London now and again one may hear an artist or an author say that London is the most beautiful city in the world. They hardly mean to, but when they say that they speak of London as a landscape. They mean the buildings, streets, by-ways, under the effects of light and air, of mist, twilight and cloud. And in that sense many of London's best effects may be seen in Brooklyn. But there is another way of looking at a city. A thing in clear air, a thing conceived, or at least possessed of a composition that is complete, a work of art expressed through the medium of a place of houses for men. Buda Pesth, for example, is beautiful as a city, an arrangement to a conscious end. Some prefer to the effects of London an Italian town bubbling with domes, pointed with dark cypresses, glowing, melancholy, clear-cut. Or a town in Portugal, green gardens, fountains, bright awnings, against the lemon colored mountains. Or Tunis, all white with all colors subtly spread upon it. Or Nuremberg, like an old wood-cut. Or New York harbor, the water, the audacious sky-line, the power. But what your lover of London loves is the wayward accident, the inexhaustible variation of its unity. London expressed the eccentricity of the English genius. It blunders through to its own quality. It will not come to a centre. It will not be any one thing, but it is London.

This is the London of Mr. Thomas Burke. He is the child of it and its lover. He is too kind, too much alive to London in every part, the Jews, the Italians, the Chinamen, householders and clerks, to be insular exactly. He is never self-complacent. But he thinks his London the one city in the world. The gaiety of Montmartre and Vienna is not the right kind of gaiety. Venice may rise like water columns from the sea for Byron, but who cares for that sort of rising? And if Rome is eternal, majestic, wistful, well, these are not the qualities dearest to the heart. London for him.

Nights in London arrives at its quality something as London does. There are the Music Halls, a night in Shepney with the Russians, a Scandinavian night in Shadwell, a French night in Old Compton Street, and so on. The book is English to the core, it is eccentric to the core. The author has no taste but a great many tastes. The book teems with shadows, street lamps, half hidden figures, fights, music, street-organs, even with incitements towards place after place where one must surely get the worst food in the world. It has the essayist's leisure, the sketchiness of the journalist. There are no sustained values. Mr. Burke does not belong to the Imagists, who would be seeing the sights as streaks of yellow pecking on a blue ground, scarlet, light red, orange, orange chrome, pop, pop, bang! None of the French impression for him. Nor is he of the realists, seeing ash-barrels, old ponds and prostitutes. Not just old, not just new, he goes his own way. Sometimes he is like Dickens, sometimes he has a hint of Charles Lamb and Hogarth, even of Poe, with now and then the cockney bravure of Kipling's ballads.

And, best of all, however he has chosen to tell each thing, Mr. Burke knows what he is telling us about. No one could doubt his first-hand knowledge and gusto. For the man made so that he finds of all cities London his city this is the book.

S. Y.

Economic Internationalism

The People's Part in Peace, an Inquiry into the Basis for a Sound Internationalism, by Ordway Tead. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THE distance we have all traveled since last fall becomes vividly apparent when we read an article or a book written before the signing of the armistice. Questions then seemingly academic have become distressingly concrete, theories have thriven or withered out of all recognition. The People's Part in Peace has suffered more than the majority of volumes six months old because it was put together in an era of desperate remedies, when inspiration jostled fallacy. The radical propositions we have not left behind. With most of them we haven't caught up; and for many there is no immediate chance of recognition in Allied countries. Perhaps the most striking difference between the attitude we could take last September and the attitude we are forced to take now toward the reforms that will follow peace is to be seen in our diminishing hopefulness. And as we have grown less hopeful we have grown less radical.

"This is not a book for scholars," says Mr. Tead, "this is a book for the people." And if we judge it by what it advocates he is right. But if we judge it by style and readability it is impossible to escape a suspicion that "the

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A Word to the Wise

"Everybody wants a league of nations these days," said Mr. Worldly Wise the other day on Fifth Avenue when he met a friend who happens to be a member of the L. F. N. A. "I suppose any sort of a league will do."

"Not for our bunch," rejoined the man addressed. "In fact, I think most people want a very specific kind of league."

"And what kind do *you* want, for instance?"

"One that works."

"Humph," snorted Mr. W. W. "I hate glistening generalities. But leaving that aside, how are you going to get it to—*work*, as you call it?"

"By making it universal and democratic."

"Is that all?" The irony of Mr. W. W.'s tone was blistering. "Do you mind cross examination?"

"Not on my pet topics," said the L. F. N. A. fan cheerfully.

"First, then, what do you mean by universal? One that takes in Germany, I suppose?"

The other man smiled: "Yes, that's also a way of putting it, but not the right one. We are not concerned about any one country, in this connection, be it Germany or Monaco. We want a league so made up that it does not sooner or later split the world into two mutually hostile camps again—for if we get that kind of a league, no amount of disarmament or anything else will prevent another world war. . . ."

"No, Germany must be dragged in at any price," Mr. W. W. interrupted.

"There you said it," the L. F. N. A. came back promptly. "She must be dragged in, if necessary—for our own sake as well as for hers. Only by being on the inside and duly sworn to the rules of the game as it is to be played hereafter, can she be controlled for any length of time."

"And what do you mean by democratic?" asked Mr. W. W. as if he had not heard the preceding remark.

"That, in the ultimate instance, the league be maintained and controlled by peoples and not by a number of governmental cliques."

"Universal mob rule," sneered Mr. W. W.

"Universal rule by those who fought and won the war," retorted his friend, speaking for the first time a little sternly. "But if you go on sneering long enough, it will be mob rule instead of rule by trained workers, mental as well as manual."

Again Mr. W. W. appeared not to have heard. "And if you don't get what you want?"

"Ten years of such upheaval—within and without, in Europe and here—that I don't care to face the consequences in my thoughts even."

"And after that?"

The L. F. N. A. member hesitated for a moment. Then he spoke resolutely: "After that the world sceptre will pass to some race that we now talk of as inferior."

"How about this new draft Covenant? It may not be quite as universal and democratic as you like to have it?"

"We shall take it, and support it, for what it is—a big beginning. But the work will go on."

"I am not convinced," said Mr. W. W. after a pause. "But what can I do?"

"Give us some of your money," replied his friend quickly, smiling once more. "You have plenty of it, and I think it will bring you higher interest than you have ever got before."

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people" would seldom know what he is driving at. He writes with a singular and cold detachment, in words of many syllables, and with a wealth of well-read allusion. His sincere beliefs are shrouded in the mechanics of expression.

When they are unveiled it is discovered that one fundamental idea informs the book with meaning, and that the methods of readjustment proposed have a common end, the elevation of common people to a place in world councils. The methods have been mercilessly criticized by moving events; no man could prophesy half a year ago the ways and means to be adopted. But the importance of a man's own life to himself, and his right to consideration apart from the state or the business organization he belongs to, is in no danger of perishing. The forces inimical to individual interests are attacked by Mr. Tead in forthright fashion. He discards the supremacy of the state in a phrase, and points out that national profits have no existence for citizens, but only for rulers. He holds that trade should no longer live for the profit of traders, but for service. He maintains that no race has a right to assume the possession of a superior civilization or to set up a protectorate. He labels these fallacies as the causes of wars, and he plans for their avoidance. If many of his plans depended for their being on the good-will fostered between labor and the government by a passing patriotism, and that good-will is now inevitably vanishing or vanished, the aim toward which he directs his thinking is no less valuable. If there is ever to be a sound internationalism it must be built on the cooperation, not of heads of states and their representatives, but of men and women who do the work of the world; and they must cooperate through economic as well as political channels.

Yet with whatever kindliness we may contemplate the author's purposes it is impossible to overlook the fact that large portions of his text are made up of ill-digested quotations and second-hand thinking. The "great plan" to pool the war-costs of all nations in "100-year Sinking Fund World Bonds" to bear interest at one per cent is nothing more or less than a proposition to repudiate war debts. Such bonds would be worth today on the market about two per cent of their face value. It is clear that Mr. Tead has fallen here into egregious error. He simply hadn't thought it through. It is a question whether the book's evident good intentions are sufficient to make up for this sort of blundering.

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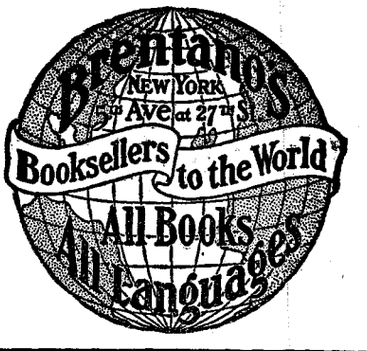

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An Old Man at Fifty— A Young Man at Seventy

The Remarkable Story of Sanford Bennett, a Former San Francisco Business Man, Who Solved the Problem of Prolonging Youth.

By V. O. SCHWAB

THERE is no longer any occasion to go hunting for the Spring of Eternal Youth. What Ponce de Leon failed to discover in his world-famous mission, ages ago, has been brougt to light right here in staid prosaic America by Sanford Bennett, a former San Francisco business man. He proved it, too, right in his own person. At 50 he was partially bald. At 70 he had a thick head of hair, although it was white. At 50 his eyes were weak. At 70 they were as strong as when he was a child. At 50, he was a worn-out, wrinkled, broken-down, decrepit old man. His cheeks were sunken, his face drawn and haggard, his muscles atrophied. Thirty years of chronic dyspesia had resulted in catarrh of the stomach, with acid rheumatism periodically adding its agonies. At 70 he was in perfect health, a good deal of an athlete, and as young as the average man of 35. All this he has accomplished by some very simple and gentle exercises which he practiced for about ten minutes before arising in the morning. Yes, many of the exercises are taken in bed, peculiar as this may seem. As Mr. Bennett explains, his case was not one of preserving health, but one of rejuvenating a weak, middle-aged body into a robust old one; and he says what he has accomplished anyone can accomplish by the application of the same methods, and so it would seem. All of which puts the Dr. Osler theory to shame. There isn't room in this article to go into a lengthy description of youth and the prevention of old age. All this he tells himself in a book which he has written, entitled "Old Age—Its Cause and Prevention." This book is a complete history of himself and his experiences, and contains complete instructions for those who wish to put his health and youth-building methods to their own use. It is a book that every man and woman who is desirious of remaining young after passing the fiftieth, sixtieth, seventieth, and as Mr. Bennett believes, the one hundredth mile-stone of life, should read. It is a truly remarkable contribution to health-building literature and is especially valuable because it has been written in a practical manner by a practical man.

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PARTIAL CONTENTS

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